

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 485.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS MARIE CORELLI.



She has imported a gondola, which she calls *The Dream*, and a gondolier from Venice. The photograph shows the novelist and her friend, Miss Vyver, taking a jaunt on the Avon. But they saw the photographer first, and covered up their faces with a blanket.

ROYAL SCULPTOR.



This memorial by the Princess Louise to heroes of the war will be unveiled at St. Paul's Cathedral to-morrow by the Prince of Wales.

IRVING AS SHYLOCK.



Sir Henry Irving appeared last night at Drury Lane Theatre in "*The Merchant of Venice*."—(Sawyer.)

RUSSIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL BLOWN UP BY A BOMB.



Assassination at Ufa of General Sokolovsky, of the province of Ufa. The bomb was thrown during a variety performance in a public garden. Members of his staff and a physician are leaning over him. Photograph taken a minute or two after the explosion. The bomb-thrower escaped.

PERSONAL.

DI.—Meet 10.30, same place, for Richmond.—PAUL CRICKLEWOOD.—Send Piano here. Letter untrue. Trouble unblinded you. Position self alone. We forgive. THE "Daily Mirror" will be forwarded post free daily for 6d. a week to any address in the United Kingdom. Address: "The Publisher," Whitefriars-st. London, E.C. MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches all towns in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Carnarvon House, Temple, London, E.C.

* * * The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 5d. per word after.—Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., London.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

MRS. ADA S. BALLIN,
The Celebrated Authority on Health and Beauty.
Editor of "Womanhood" and "Baby: the Mothers' Magazine."
Will LECTURE TO-DAY (TUESDAY), May 23rd,
(and also on the 25th and 26th),
on the
SKIN AND HAIR: THEIR CARE AND TREATMENT,
at PORTMAN ROOMS, BAKER-ST. LONDON, W.
Entrance, 10, Portland-st., at 8.15.
INTERNATIONAL HAIRDRESSERS' AND ALLIED
TRADES' EXHIBITION
OPEN FROM 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
A few reserved seats at One Shilling each.
MRS. BALLIN will receive replies to questions after
each lecture. Specimen copies of Mrs. Ballin's magazines
will be sent gratis on receipt of 5d. to cover postal charges.
Address, 15, Somerset-st., Portman-road, London, W.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otto Stuart.
THIS EVENING, at 8, HAMLET, H. B. Irving, Oscar
Nelson, Mr. Trevelyan, and Misses MARY, SAT,
at 2.30. SUNDAY NIGHT (50th), TO-NIGHT, THE
NAMING OF THE SHREW. Last Mat. Wed. Next, May
23. Tel. 4054. Gaiety.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE,
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.50.
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.
A new play in three acts, adapted by Sydney Grundy from
"Les Affaires sont les Affaires," by Octave Mirbeau.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.30.
EXCURSION EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, by
THE BALLAD-MONGER.

IMPERIAL.—MR. LEWIS WALLER,
TO-NIGHT, at 8 (LAST NIGHT).
Rehearsal, 8.15. Tomorrow, 8.15.
LAST MATINEE AND FINAL PERFORMANCE
TO-MORROW (Wednesday), at 2.

LYRIC THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. William Greet.
Under the Management of Mr. William Greet.
MR. MAXWELL HAYES' SEASON. TO-NIGHT, at 7.50.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, HAMLET. EVERY
WEDNESDAY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE,
THE ONLY WAY. Box office now open.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 sharp.
JOHN CHILCOTE, Mr. J. J. Cecil Thurston,
Adapted from the novel of Katherine Cecil Thurston
by E. Temple Thurston.
John Lord, Mr. J. J. Cecil Thurston, Mr. GEORGE
John Chilcote, Mr. J. J. Cecil Thurston, Mr. ALEXANDER.

MR. HENRY VIVIAN Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS
Miss BELLA PATERN Miss MARIAN TERRY.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box office, 10, 11, 12, ST. JAMES'S.

THE COLISEUM.—Charing Cross.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 10 o'clock, 5 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE
PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and
reserved. Stamped admission envelopes should accompany
all postal applications for seats.
Prices: Box, 10s. 6d., and 11s. 1s. Fatuoles,
10s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. Stalls, 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. (telephone
No. 7699, Gerrard). Children under twelve half-price to all
Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

THE LYCEUM.—TO-NIGHT, 8.30 and 9.—
1. Raymond and Kirkham, Ibsen Obed, Hickey King,
Robert Arden, and the new play, "The Death of
Downes and Langford, Musical Jingles, Rhetoric and
Singing, Pictures, Rudolph, Bohemian City by Lyceum
Operatic Company.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TO-DAY.
COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.
Representative Displays from
New Zealand, Jamaica, Sierra Leone,
Victoria, Barbados, Trinidad, Guyana,
Windward Isles, Gambia, Gold Coast Colony,
British Guiana, and the West Indies.

GREAT SOMALI ANIMAL CAMP.
Displays by Native Warriors, 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.
CAME GRANTING, 8.0 and 8.5.
Lecture on Canada, by Dr. J. Robbins, at 6.0.
Military Band and numerous other daily attractions.
Table d'Hôte Luncheons and Dinners in the new Dining
rooms overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co.
12d. Children by Appointment.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGERS'."
OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Daily at 3 and 8. The
Smallest Elephant in the World, and over 200 acting and
performing animals. Daily at 3 and 8. Prices 1s. to 5s.
Children half-price to all parts. Tel. 4138, Gerrard.

NAVAL SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES
EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
TO-MORROW EMPIRE DAY. J. SOLDIERS, SAILORS and
VOLUNTEERS IN UNIFORM will be admitted FREE.
Open 12 noon to 6 p.m. Admission 1s.
Season tickets, 10s. 6d.

NAVY.—The Admiralty, Whitehall, will receive applications for
Naval Commission, Armaments, Shipping, and Fisheries.
NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS, and of the Naval
Events from the 15th to 20th Century.

FINDING VILLAGE.
Working Exhibits. Model of "Victory."
BAND OF THE 2nd LANCERS.
EXHIBITION, NAVAL BAND.
Go on board the full-size Cruiser
"HMS Gipsy" (4,700 tons) and the "Maxims" and "Maxime".
The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handy-men.
Go on board and visit the Mediterranean ports.
Trafalgar 1805.—Professor Fleischer's Great War, Death
of Nelson, "West" "Our Navy," "Maxim's Captive Flying
Machine," Fairy Grotto, Indian Circus, and the Indian
Indian Village—Chiefs, Squaws, and Papooses. Voyage in a
Rumrunner, Vanderdecken's Haunted Cabin, "Pamela" and
"The White Ship," Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches,
Tillamook Cannon, Auto-Photographic Portraits, Switch-
back.

FISH RESTAURANT IN QUEEN'S COURT.
HOLIDAY RESORTS.

ISLE OF MAN FOR HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS.
—Sunniest spot in United Kingdom; air bracing and
scenery charming; guides, excursions, hotel and apart. lists
sent free.—WALLER, D. KRIG, 27, Imperial-buildings,
Ludgate Circus, E.C.

is the cheapest, and
as good as
the BEST
It is
only
2/- a
pound
tin



AS
GOOD
AS
THE
BEST.

GUARANTEED PURE COCOA ONLY.

If your Grocer does not stock it, send a postal order to FAIRY,
143, York Road, London, N., for either a 6d., 1/-, or 2/- tin.

DAILY BARGAINS.

SPECIAL OFFERS TO "MIRROR" READERS.
42 D. PER YARD.—100,000 yards Mullin; all colours;
must be cleared; 3 yards, 1s. 4d.; send remittance
to-day.—Wray and Co., Dept. M., Maclefield.

3/11 FULL DRESS LENGTH.—Sale of Bankrupt Stock.
—Marvellous value; worth 10s. 6d.; 30,000 Dress
lengths; tweeds in dark grey, black, brown, and navy; send
to-day; enclose remittance; 6 Dress lengths for 25s. 6d.—Wray
and Co., Dept. M., Maclefield.

750 COSTUME SKIRTS.—usual price, 21s.; quick-sale
price, 6d.; green; owing to failure of
cloth manufacturer, have purchased immense stock of habit
skirts in navy and black; send length of skirt in front and
colour required; sample dainty voile blouse, 2s.—Wray and
Co., Dept. M., Maclefield.

3/11 SILK.—Patterns of all the choicest
S. Maclefield and other Silks, from 9d. per yard;
towards; tallest; all shades; 1 pair W.W. corsets; the lot,
10s. 6d.; send P.O. at once.—Wray and Co., Dept. M.,
Maclefield.

BARGAINS.—UNDERCLOTHING FOR LADIES.—Won-
derful Parcel: 2 pairs of knicker, 2 chemises, 2 pairs
of stockings, 2 nightdresses, 1 pair W.W. corsets; the lot,
10s. 6d.; send P.O. at once.—Wray and Co., Dept. M.,
Maclefield.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A.A.A.A.—"How Money Makes Money" (post free).
Write for our booklet showing in simple language how
ladies or gentlemen may, without work, worry, or
trouble, make large profits without any experience; if you
have the money we'll do the rest; our clients are fully
satisfied; capital for commencement; better terms than
other firms copying our methods and booklet; they don't
satisfy you until you are using every penny of your capital.
Henderson, Room 122, 11, Poultry, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN treats defects of speech.—Letters,
Speech, 9, Birch-lane, Moreland.

ACCOUNTANT and Auditor attend periodically; mode-
rate terms.—"Reliable," 8a, Nevill-court, E.C.

A NYONE owning a Punch and Judy Show will please com-
municate in view of engagement terms of June, to
H. Mower, 2, Wandale-ter, Pound-st., Carsham.

"ALL AILMENTS." Nervous, Debility, Indigestion, Pre-
mature Decay, Lost Vitality, Mr. George, Ennis,
Herbal Specialist, will send full particulars. Herbal Medicine
Shop, 212, High-st., Gatehead-on-Tyne; inexpensive guaran-
teed cures.

A AUSTRALIAN Cream Corn Cure.—A sample bottle of this
famous remedy forwarded post free on sending seven
penny stamps to Ralston Bros., 10a, Wexham-st., Birming-
ham.

COBINS Banned: easy to put on; painless; 7d. post free.
—Needham's, 297, Edgware-road, London.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward
by post; full value per return or offer made.—Messrs.
M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 218, Oxford-st. (op-
posite Berners-st.), London, established 100 years.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; for highest prices apply to
Dr. Paget, Dentist, 219, Oxford-st., London; call or
post; instantly cash or offer made; firm est. 70
years.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money
sent return post; if price not accepted both returned.
V. Pearce, 10, Cranborne-st., Epsom, Surrey.

RUPERT.—Gentleman cured himself; will send free par-
ticulars of inexpensive self-cure treatment.
"Highly successful."—Box 96, 8, Earls-c, London.

RUPERT VARIOLE.—and allied ailments success-
fully treated; remarkable cures in all parts; over 20
years' experience; immediate relief; book of information post
free 3 stamps.—Mr. Austin Brooks, Heron Specialist,
65 (Dept. K), Chancery-lane, London, W.C. Hours, 11 to 4.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Free to all afflicted; to remove
root and stem, send for the treatise compiled from
MSS. of the warrant-holder to the Courts of George IV.
Wm. IV., and Queen Adelaide.—Robt. Low, 5a, Great Queen-st.

TEETH.—5s. each SETS from ONE POUND with all the
Latest Scientific Improvement.
ESKELL'S
The well-known and established firm
416, STRAND, and 8, LUDGATE-HILL.
Advice free.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.

GENERAL, disengaged, wishes near London; 2 years'
experience, wash, cook, early riser.—Ada, 16, Rye-st.
Workop.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A.—ART Work at home; very interesting work; daily ac-
quainted with a new process; send addressed envelope for
particulars.—Art Studio, 5, Great James-st., W.C.

A MISERIOUS man anxious to get on should at once join
the firm of advertising proprietors and testaments by
return. Excuse two stamps (text-book 4s. 6d., 16d., Berry-st.,
Liverpool).

A.—Fashion, Newspaper, Magazine Drawing taught
A studios, or lessons by post.—Terms addressed envelope,
Anglo-American School, 244, High-lane, London.

A.—Backs, Cashiers, and others.—It is as easy to earn £200
a year as £21 a week.—Write for the proposition we have
to make you; it will lead to a better and more responsible
position; we guarantee opportunities; full particulars will
be sent on hearing from you; it costs you nothing to in-
vestigate.—Write Page-Davis Co., Dept. 103, 185, Oxford-st.,
London, W.

A.—Clean.—Do you want a £10 note? Send postcard to-day
for free interesting lesson in Soap-Drapery Sales-
man and particulars of Grand Prize Scheme.—Secretary,
Shortland College, 71, High Holborn, London.

A.—Constant Employment is offered to a few men who can
furnish good credentials; no salary.—Apply by postcard
for particulars, 1,803, "The Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-
st., London.

A.—Demonstrator.—Wanted, bright, energetic, tactful
Lady to demonstrate popular Smallware for American
firm; send prospectus for properly qualified party.—Address
with particulars of experience and qualifications, B. 2,
Hunters'-st., W.C.

A.—Free Sample Pocket Rubber Stamp; your own name and
address, with particulars of spare time agency.—Dept.
2, 69, Aldersgate, London.

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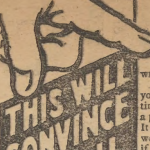
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CORRECT TIME
FOR 15 YEARS.



Mr. W. Mercer,
86 Cocker-st., Blackpool,
writing on Feb. 27th, 1905, says:—
I have bought your watch
in 1889, which has kept correct
time for 15 years, without costing
a penny for cleaning or repairing.
I must be 157 when new.
The works could not have been better
if the watch had cost me £15.

Here you have proof
convincing, because unobscured
of the remarkable value offered in

H. SAMUEL'S ASTOUNDING
BOOK OF BARGAINS.

Send for a copy to-day and test FREE FOR
ONE MONTH, in actual wear, any of the
record breaking watch and Jewellery values
described in this marvellous compilation.

With the article you test you
will receive the valuable

FREE PRIZE
to which you become entitled
when purchasing.

SEND POST CARD FOR
FREE BOOK TO-DAY.
H. SAMUEL,
No. 93 Market St.,
MANCHESTER.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A.A.A.A.A.A.—"How Money Makes Money" (post free).
Write for our booklet showing in simple language how
ladies or gentlemen may, without work, worry, or
trouble, make large profits without any experience; if you
have the money we'll do the rest; our clients are fully
satisfied; capital for commencement; better terms than
other firms copying our methods and booklet; they don't
satisfy you until you are using every penny of your capital.
Henderson, Room 122, 11, Poultry, London, E.C.

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satisfy you until you are using every penny of your capital.
Henderson, Room 122, 11, Poultry, London, E.C.

A.A.A.—HOW TO MAKE MONEY with capital of £3 up-
wards; post free to all mentioning this paper.—C. W.
Hatch and Co., Bank-lane, London, E.C.

A SECURE investment—15 per cent. interest paid
monthly on £25 upwards; to extend round London
business; former owner deceased; full investigation invited;
genuine money makes money; methods.—Write, Reliance,
care of Messrs. C. W. Hatch and Co., Bank-lane, London, E.C.

ANNUALISTS WHO ARE RESTRAINED
from BORROWING on their incomes,
or persons who are not entitled to property at death of
relatives, or others can have advance.
Sum advanced can be repaid when property is received.
Apply to LAW OFFICE, 111, Victoria-st., Westminster.

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PREMIER AND CONFERENCE.

"C.-B." Submits Mr. Balfour to Cross-Examination.

ROUMOURED ALLIANCE

Premier and Mr. Chamberlain Said To Have Agreed.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—A most interesting situation has been suddenly developed by the smart cross-examination of Mr. Balfour by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman this afternoon on the subject of the proposed Colonial Conference.

It had been rumoured in the Lobby that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have now come to terms, the main point of their arrangement being that they should await the recommendations of the Colonial Premiers' Conference next year before appealing to the country.

Naturally this caused the keenest interest in all parts of the House, and this was intensified when Mr. Soames asked Mr. Balfour whether the question of mutual preferential trade would be discussed at next year's Colonial Conference.

It was impossible for the Government to restrict the discussions of the Conference, replied Mr. Balfour, adding: "And if it is difficult for any Government which desires closer commercial union with the Colonies."

NO PLEDGE GIVEN.

"But is not the Prime Minister pledged to do nothing during the present Parliament," asked Mr. Lough.

"No, sir," said Mr. Balfour. "I was talking of the Conference, not of this House."

The reply, greeted with Ministerial cheers, came as a bombshell to the Opposition, and "C.-B." began a long cross-examination of the Prime Minister.

"Are we to understand," he asked, "that the Prime Minister is under no obligation to inaction in the matter of Colonial preference, except in the House of Commons, and that out of the House he is free to take any step he chooses?"

Flushing angrily, Mr. Balfour denied that he was pledged to inaction outside that House. "The right hon. gentleman is discussing it every day on the public platform," he added, "and I suppose I may be allowed to answer him."

"There is a difference between discussion and action," retorted "C.-B.," and a roar of fierce shouts burst from the crowded Opposition benches.

Further pressed, however, Mr. Balfour declared that the Government would not use their majority in the present Parliament to deal with the fiscal question.

PREMIER'S BAD MEMORY.

Springing to his leader's assistance, Mr. Lloyd-George asked if Mr. Balfour was bound by Lord Lansdowne's statement that they would not deal with the fiscal question without a mandate from the country.

"I do not remember that statement," placidly replied Mr. Balfour, amidst yells of "Oh," from the Opposition.

Finally, despairing of getting anything definite from the Premier, the leader of the Opposition asked for and obtained leave to move the adjournment of the House, and a long and important debate took place at the evening sitting.

On the part of the Opposition it was contended that the holding of a Colonial Conference next year is a distinct violation of the Prime Minister's pledge that nothing would be done by the Government in the matter during the present Parliament.

Mr. Balfour's contention was that he had not broken any pledge he ever gave on the matter, and argued that at the last meeting of Colonial Premiers it was decided to meet again next year.

The Radicals, however, are striving to use the conference as a means of widening the dissensions between the Tariff Reformers and the Free Trade Unionists.

BRITISH LINER SUNK OFF LIBERIA.

The Elder-Dempster liner Benguela has been wrecked on the West Coast of Africa, but the crew and passengers were saved. The owners have received a cablegram from Sekondi saying that she was totally lost at Nanna Kroo, Liberia, where there are sunken rocks. Being a cargo steamer, the passengers would probably be natives.

Between Saturday night and yesterday morning jewellery to the value of over £1,000 was stolen by burglars from the premises of Messrs. David Mitchell and Co., Castle-street, Belfast.

RUSSIANS REPULSED.

300 Killed and Wounded in a Manchurian Engagement.

Several small Russian attacks in the Liao-ho region are officially reported. On Saturday a force made an attack on Tangshed, and after a sharp engagement was repelled with losses numbering about three hundred.

Admiral de Jonquières has returned to Saigon after visiting all the coast of Annam in order to find out whether any belligerent vessel had returned since May 14.

Having finished his cruise, he reports that nothing of the sort has occurred since the date mentioned.

The last vessel to arrive at Saigon reports having on Saturday seen a Russian volunteer cruiser with a large and deeply-laden transport in Hainan Straits, steaming in a westerly direction.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

Arrival of a Long Overdue Collier at Vladivostok.

The owners of the Belgian steamer Lily yesterday received a dispatch announcing the safe arrival of the vessel at Vladivostok on May 20.

This announcement proved one of the surprises of the year to London underwriters, says the Central News.

The Lily left Cardiff on November 10 last with a cargo of coal for Vladivostok.

She was last heard of at Hong Kong, at the end of January, since which time the vessel had totally disappeared.

No less than 90 guineas per cent. had been paid as reinsurance on the steamer.

"VORTEX OF DEATH."

Music-Hall Proprietors in Trouble Over a Sensational "Turn."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—To-day, in the Correctional Court, the managers of the Casino de Paris were charged with the manslaughter by imprudence of Mlle. Randal, the Parisian artiste, who died after performing the sensational "turn" known as the "Vortex of death."

A model had been erected in court, with a miniature automobile containing a doll.

After the two managers and the engineers of the "Casino" had been heard, the model was set in motion.

As it swept down the steep incline, rushed up the opposite slope, and came down at the finish with a thud, judges, counsel, and public seemed to hold their breath.

In an impassioned speech, the substitute for the Public Prosecutor demanded the condemnation of the defendants. The speech for the defence and the judgment were reserved till to-morrow.

INSTINCT TOO STRONG.

Policemen Forget Their Strike and "Run In" Offenders.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—At Lyons the police are on strike.

But professional instinct is strong, and when two policemen, named Fedit and Naton, saw a couple of roughs robbing a pedestrian they forgot their strike, and "ran 'em in."

While they were still arguing with the officer, one of the prisoners drew a knife and stabbed the dutiful policemen, the one in the wrist and side the other in the hand.

Both had to go to hospital to have their wounds dressed.

The Prefect begged M. Honoré, the secretary of police, to visit the wounded men, as though they were still members of the force.

The secretary complied, granting them both ten days' leave, and telling them that the Prefect had recommended them for a medal.

KAISER'S CUP—ATLANTIC SIGHTED.

NEW YORK, Monday.—The Dutch s.s. Noordam reports having sighted the yacht Atlantic, competing in the Transatlantic race, 690 miles east of Sandy Hook on Saturday night. She must have made an average run of over 200 miles each day.—Reuter.

PIGMIES AT SEA.

Colonel J. J. Harrison has received a telegram, says Reuter, stating that the Huri pigmies left Port Said on Friday last for England.

Commencing from June 5 for one month, it has been arranged that the pigmies shall appear at the London Hippodrome.

SYBARITE'S PALACE.

Club Where Plates Are Studied with Gems and Serviettes Are of Silk.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—According to a Moscow newspaper, a cause célèbre will soon come before the Russian courts in connection with the "Sybarite's Cercle" of Kharkoff, one of the most remarkable clubs in the world.

The "Sybarite's Cercle" had but twenty members, among them being the Grand Dukes Cyril and Boris. The members, who were also proprietors, spent 100,000 roubles in building their clubhouse, which is a miniature palace of white marble.

The subscription was 2,000 roubles per annum, and 5,000 roubles per year of the total revenue went to a chef, boasting the English name of Gower.

For some years much talk has been created by one of the regulations of the club, which provided that all the servants, with the exception of the chef, M. Gower, should be members of the fair sex, and that while "Sybarites" might invite their lady friends to dinner or supper, no male outsider might, under any circumstances, pay a visit to the club.

M. Koznikoff, a well-known journalist on the staff of the "Viedomosti," by some means succeeded, a few months ago, in obtaining admission to the "Sybarite's Cercle." It is said that he made himself up to represent a comparatively little-known member, who was absent in St. Petersburg.

Later M. Koznikoff, in the columns of the "Viedomosti," gave a highly-coloured, sensational account of the gem-studded plates, silken table-napkins, bath towels, sheets, etc., that he had seen during his visit to "the most remarkable club-house in the world."

Mention of the Grand Duke Vladimir's two sons led to the suppression of the "Viedomosti." The case will be heard behind closed doors.

GIRLS' TOWER OF REFUGE.

Clad Only in Night Attire They Reject Firemen's Help.

Mr. C. H. B. Leonard's house in Kensington Palace-gardens was seriously damaged by fire early yesterday morning. The South African magnate's billiard-room was destroyed, and the ballroom was much injured.

The women servants, in their night attire, took refuge in the tower, and refused to be rescued by the firemen.

Two pictures by Briton Rivière and a drawing-room suite valued at many thousands pounds were burned to cinders.

An over-heated beam caused the outbreak; the loss is covered by insurance.

THE BEAR OBJECTED.

Faithful Pet Attempts to Save His Master from Arrest.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—A disorderly but amusing scene has taken place at Ivry, and is described by the "Matin."

Some gipsies, who are camped at the place, visited an inn and, after refreshing themselves, refused to pay for their copious libations.

The police commissary attempted to arrest one of them, when a shout was raised, "Antonio, to the rescue!"

Thereupon a Tyrolean bear crawled from under a table and advanced towards the commissary with a growl. The official temporarily released his prisoner, who was, however, ultimately locked up at the depot, while Antonio was taken to the Fourrière.

MARIE LLOYD'S DIVORCE.

Mr. Justice Bagnall Deane, in the Divorce Court yesterday, made the decree nisi, granted six months ago, absolute in the case of Courtenay v. Courtenay and Hurley.

The respondent is better known as "Marie Lloyd," and the co-respondent was Mr. Alec Hurley, the variety artist.

"OUR ONLY MONOPOLY."

Learned counsel at the Southwark County Court yesterday stated that sensiskin dressing was a monopoly, and the only one he believed England had left.

Judge Addison: Well, let us hope that in Mr. Chamberlain's time we shall have more.

NOT SUFFICIENT BREAD.

When the unemployed paraded the streets at Leicester and then gathered round a baker's van to receive loaves of bread, it was found that the supply was scarcely sufficient.

Married men with large families were given the preference.

GREAT BILLIARD MATCH BEGINS.

Stevenson Starts Off with a Fine Break of 406.

EVEN PLAY.

(By S. A. MUSSABIN.)

Yesterday marked the opening occasion of the greatest billiard match in all the annals of the game. For the first time in a quarter of a century John Roberts, the father of modern billiards, has to meet a player who can really challenge comparison with himself as an executant and scoring force.

The veteran has to meet his own pupil, the youngster he trained and fostered and encouraged through the mazes of the billiard art. For this reason sentiment rules strongly in favour of the old champion, and in sympathy with a successful consummation to his stupendous task of conceding 2,000 points in 18,000 up.

Even though the billiard season has long passed its course, its greatest enthusiasts looking to outdoor pursuits, there were still several hundreds of spectators to witness the opening session of the game at the Caxton Hall, Westminster.

It is an ideal building for such an event. The Burroughes and Watts match table may be overlooked by all, every movement of the balls being plain to see.

In the half-light yesterday afternoon the figures of the two players making their respective entries to the scene of the encounter hardly looked as imposing as they might have been expected to do. But, for all that, the onlookers of their coming let themselves go without restraint, and a rare outburst of hand-clapping denoted the initiatory ceremonies of the game.

ROBERTS OPENS WELL.

Roberts' impressive personality soared above everything in the hall, while that of Stevenson posed in very subdued tones.

To the delight of his admirers it was John Roberts who won the string, who struck the first scoring notes, and who held out all sorts of hopes to them during the first half-hour. Up to this point he had practically done all the scoring, the marker, in his calm tones, denoting that the veteran had collected 220 points to his rival's 52.

But here a change came o'er the spirit of the game. Starting with a magnificent stroke—a screw into a top corner pocket off the spotted ball—Stevenson collected a nice break of 53. This proved to be the turning-point of the play. In succession the younger player sent up a much-applauded item of 121.

Roberts could make no answer to this, despite a fine attempt for a big shot. Having found his touch, Stevenson proceeded to give a taste of his real quality.

For five-and-twenty minutes he occupied the table, that deft cut of his ministrating clearly and cleverly to all needs. At last he failed to insert the red ball—an easy shot, as is usually the case—in the right top pocket. Long and loud rang the applause as the player retired to his seat, having made 406. By no means daunted, Roberts came briskly up to face a favourable wave, and, encouraged at every stroke, compiled a break of 193.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Faithful Dog Watches Over Remains of Its Master.

The body of a newsagent named Henlon was found shockingly mutilated on the railway near Cambridge yesterday. An engine-driver walking down the line heard the whine of a dog, which he found lying upon the remains of his master.

The body was in the 4th wagon, and goods train had passed over the dog without injuring the faithful watcher or making it abandon its vigil.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Georgiana, Lady Bloomfield, who enjoyed the personal friendship of the late Queen Victoria, has died at Bramfield House, her residence near Hertford.

Found making notes on a map near Fort 5, at Posen, Germany, a student named Vladislav Pavlovski, of Warsaw, has been arrested on suspicion of espionage.

The German Empress had a good night after her fall downstairs at Wiesbaden, and the official bulletin yesterday. Sleep and general condition have been satisfactory. Her Majesty suffered a contusion on the left side of the forehead.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: North-easterly breezes; fair or fine generally; some showers in the east; rather warmer.
Lightning-up time, 8.54 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate to smooth.

TRAFFIC IN PASSPORTS.

Russians Allege British "Complicity" with Revolutionaries.

MUSCOVITE PROTEST.

Treasury To Open Important Case at Bow-street To-day.

A case which is of vital interest to rulers of Russia will be heard at Bow-street Police Court to-day.

Two Englishmen, one an actor in a provincial company and the other a well-known journalist, living at Hampstead, will have to answer summonses charging them with conspiracy to obtain passports which, with or without their knowledge, have been improperly used by agitators who desired to enter Russia.

This case is said to be the result of urgent representations made by the Russian Government to the English authorities.

For some time past revolutionaries have gained admittance to Russia in spite of the vigilance of the frontier guards, it being known that many of them have done so by the aid of passports issued in England to Englishmen who, after getting them, have passed them on to the revolutionaries.

Used by Bomb-maker

One of these passports, which will be mentioned in connection with to-day's case was used by the man who was blown to pieces in the Bristol Hotel, St. Petersburg, in March last. He was believed to have been manufacturing bombs, and after his death the police found that he had no right to the passport he used, which bore the name of McCulloch, and described him as an Englishman.

The Russian secret police say that this man was a Russian revolutionary, perfectly well known to them, who would not have got past the frontier but for the aid of his English passport.

In consequence of this case the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs telegraphed to the Russian Ambassador in London to insist upon such misuse of passports being checked.

McCulloch's passport and another were sent to London in support of the Russian Government's representations, and after deliberation the Treasury decided to take action.

Important Revelations.

Investigations have been conducted by the Scotland Yard officials, under the supervision of Detective-Inspector McCarthy, and the result will be made known during the hearing of this case. The prosecution will be conducted by Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General, who will be assisted by Mr. Sutton.

The Russian authorities attach the greatest importance to this case, and it is expected that some unusual and interesting points of law will be raised. According to the Russians, Englishmen of standing in sympathy with the agitators have for months past been allowing their names to be used to secure passports for the revolutionaries.

Defective System.

Interviewed for the *Daily Mirror* last night, a man who until recently was an agent of the secret police in London cast doubt upon this assertion.

"The passport system is of very little use in guarding Russia from the malcontents," he said. "It is quite easy for any one of them to secure a passport belonging to another man. A passport is seldom refused unless to a Jew, and so long as a man has done nothing to bring him to the notice of the police in London he can get a passport and hand it over to whom he will. There is, at present, no check upon the practice, and I do not see why a number of gentlemen, even if they sympathise with the revolutionaries, should have lent their names when a workman's name would have done as well."

ASYLUM WARD CRIME.

The Epsom Police Court was crowded yesterday when the magistrates resumed their inquiry against Walter James Clapham, wheelwright's labourer, who is charged with murdering his wife in Horton Asylum under pathetic circumstances.

Clapham presented a pitiable spectacle in court. He tottered feebly to a chair and buried his face in his hands as the witnesses unfolded the tragic story that had already been told at the inquest.

DRIVEN TO DEATH BY MUDDLE.

"Dear Arthur,—I am afraid I ruined you. Taken staff. The place is in such a muddle. Your things and mine are mixed up. Please forgive me. Wanted to die."

In this brief letter Mrs. Charlotte Knotwood, aged forty-one, wife of a retired merchant living at Fentiman-road, Lambeth, made farewell to her husband after she had taken poison.

The jury yesterday returned a verdict of suicide.

MAN WHO MADE HARVARD

How America Owes Her Great University to an Englishman.

"Gossamer slight, but not gossamer weak," is this link between America and England," said the Archbishop of Canterbury at the dedication, yesterday, of the Harvard memorial window presented to St. Saviour's Cathedral, Southwark, by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, who is about to return to America.

Hundreds of Americans mingled with the English congregation in the ancient, multi-church; while an incessant roar of London's traffic was faintly audible.

"John Harvard," said Mr. Choate, after he had unveiled the memorial, "was born close to London Bridge in 1607. He was baptised in St. Saviour's Church. He went to school with John Milton."

"Seeking a larger freedom of thought than could be found in the London of that day, he went to Massachusetts. To him was due the founding of Harvard, America's greatest University."

"In giving this memorial I desired to signalise my long residence in London by an appropriate gift which should be a symbol of the strong friendship between the two countries."

"Americans can come here and see the spot where their country's greatest university had its origin, and Englishmen will see here how inseparable in destiny are the two nations."

NAVIES AS ORGANISTS.

They Invade a Village Church and Play Notsy Voluntaries.

Some of the thousand navies employed on the works at Hever Castle, Mr. W. W. Astor's place in Kent, entered the church at Mark Beech, close by, and amused themselves until disturbed by holding a kind of mock service.

They rang the bells with a vigour rarely displayed by village sextons, and then essayed to play the opening voluntary on the organ.

By this time the villagers had arrived in considerable numbers—the ringing of the bells in such an unaccustomed manner at an unusual hour had assembled an exceptionally large congregation. The navies are in danger of imprisonment, their identity having been determined.

"FIEND IN HUMAN SHAPE."

"Wretched Wife's" Touching Appeal Against Ignominy Heaped Upon Her.

Mrs. Smith, the respondent in the Nottingham divorce case, in which the King's Proctor has intervened, was again in the witness-box yesterday.

She told the Court that on the day after that on which her husband had said Mr. Barnes had made a confession to him he struck her, saying, "You fiend in human shape. You have done the worst you can do, and I know it, because Barnes has confessed."

After her husband commenced divorce proceedings she wrote to him, she said, asking what she was to do, as she was without money, and reminding him of their children and their twenty-five years of married life.

"Although I know I am not blameless, I haven't been deserving of the ignominy you have heaped upon me," went on the letter, which was signed, "Your wretched wife, Annie."

The case was again adjourned.

NOVEL HISTORY BAZAAR.

Members of the Dickens Family Preside at the "Old Curiosity Shop."

When the bazaar in aid of the Westminster Hospital is opened by the Duke of Connaught this afternoon, it will seem to those present like stepping back into the pages of history. All the stallholders will be dressed in picturesque costumes illustrating the reigns of the various monarchs of England, from William the Conqueror to Edward VII.

A novelty is a wedding present stall, where Lady Lansdowne will preside. At the "Old Curiosity Shop," relatives of Charles Dickens will sell all sorts of quaint old furniture.

A gigantic tent covers the green sward at Dean's Yard. The stalls are on one side, and on the other real French windows open on to the grass, where will be the band and the flower stall.

SPECTRAL MOTOR-CAR.

The identity of the motor-car which knocked down the daughter of General Aldington, of Park Lodge, Binfield, Windsor, has not yet been ascertained. The lady is progressing favourably.

An aged villager is of opinion that Herne the Hunter, who formerly haunted Windsor Forest, is haunting the district in a phantom motor-car.

LONDON'S 29TH THEATRE.

The Waldorf Opened with Operatic Honours.

BUSY DRAMATIC EVENING.

No one passing along the Strand can miss the Waldorf Theatre. It is not actually in the Strand. It is in Aldwych, or, rather, it will be in Aldwych when Aldwych exists. At present it stands by itself, and a very imposing air it has.

You look up by the Gaiety and you see a long white building with a fine entrance and a decorative aspect generally. What a difference between this and the theatre of twenty or thirty years ago which used to hide itself away among other buildings as if it were ashamed of being a place of entertainment, and hoped to be mistaken for a warehouse or a dingy office.

Inside, too, the theatre is thoroughly up-to-date and comfortable. The prevailing colour is a deep pink, and a good deal of marble has been used in the construction. At present there is no pit. The whole of the floor is taken up by stalls. There are 400 of these, and it was said last night that the only untitled people in them were the critics.

To make up for the lack of a pit during Mr. Henry Russell's season of opera and dramatics, bined there is an excellent eighteenth-century gallery, the whole of the third tier, in fact. And one can book a gallery seat as easily as a stall or a box.

There was a good deal of bustle all through the theatre yesterday. All sorts of finishing touches were wanted at the last moment. By eight o'clock, however, all was ready, and very soon after that the cheaper parts of the house began to fill up. By half-past eight the carriages and cabs were making a long line and setting down visions of gauze and lace and flimsy daintiness, attended by long-haired musical people, or straight-backed, smartly set-up men about town. At a quarter to nine the first performance in the new theatre was begun with "Ovide le Roi."

The programme, in the universally regretted absence of Mme. Calvé, consisted of "Maestro Di Cappello," a pretty, light opera in Italian, followed by the famous "Pagliacci," the moving story of the clown whose pretty little bride is false to him, and who wreaks upon her a terrible vengeance. Special praise was given to the orchestra. Musical London declared that it fulfilled the highest expectations.

A character sketch of Mr. Henry Russell, the manager, will be found on page 7.

SIR H. IRVING AS SHYLOCK.

For ten nights and two matinees "The Merchant of Venice" was revived at Drury Lane last night. Everyone ought to see Sir Henry Irving as the vengeful Jew. It is certainly one of his greatest parts.

He is such a picturesque, dignified, pathetic figure that one cannot detest him as Shakespeare meant Shylock to be detested. Indeed, one almost feels inclined to be sorry for him when the trial goes against him.

Miss Wynne Mathison, however, is such a pretty and spirited Portia that one could not bear to see her advocacy defeated. So the result has the audience's sympathy after all.

Sir Henry had a great reception. The revival bids fair to be exceedingly popular.

MR. M. HARVEY'S HAMLET.

Mr. Harvey has a great following in London as well as in the provinces, and it may be that Londoners will like his Hamlet as much as the country is said to have done.

Unfortunately "Hamlet" has been overdone lately. Mr. Harvey comes in at the tail-end of the "boom," and his performance, we fear, is not sufficiently out of the way to galvanise it into active life again.

He plays the Prince of Denmark with a good deal of charm and gentle emotion. It is a capable all-round effort, but not a great Hamlet. The Polish of eighty-year-old Mr. Fred Wright is excellent, and Mr. Stephen Phillips, the poet, speaks the Ghost's lines well, though he is too substantial a spectre to be quite convincing.

CARUSO AT COVENT GARDEN.

The audiences at Covent Garden this year are beating all records.

Last night saw the theatre crammed for the reappearance of Caruso, the world's most famous tenor, who, with Mme. Melba and Miss Parkina appeared in "La Bohème."

Stalls for the performance had been changing hands at double their face value yesterday, and all the regular society opera-goers were present in the glory of their diamonds and smartest frocks.

The great tenor came back to us in fine form, his glorious top notes as full and liquid as ever. As Rudolfo he made love to Mimi (Mme. Melba) in exquisite vocal fashion, and in the last act, at Mimi's death-bed, there was a wonderful note of pathos in his voice.

DESPAIRING LOVERS

Take Poison After Calmly Arranging for Their Funeral.

On entering his parlour on Sunday morning, a Liverpool resident named Heron found the dead bodies of his son, William, and a girl named Louie Chapman.

On the table were two bottles, which had contained carbolic acid, and also two cups.

Further evidence showed that the young couple, who were sweethearts, had left the following letter:

Dear Parents,—You will find my dead body and that of my sweetheart in the parlour. Everything seems to be going against us, and we have decided to die together. It is impossible to separate us, as I love my sweetheart so much, and I know she loves me just as much. I am sorry to give you this trouble, but we think it is better that we should die. God bless you. My sweetheart has written to her parents.

There was also a request in the letter that they should be buried in the same coffin, the undertakers being named, and also the driver of the hearse.

Heron was a pawnbroker's assistant, and was to have started in a new situation yesterday.

SPOTTED FEVER.

Four Deaths Said To Be Due to Outbreak in a Northamptonshire Village.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis, or "spotted fever," has broken out in the Northamptonshire village of Irthlingborough, about three and a half miles from Wellingborough.

Four deaths from the complaint are reported, all of which occurred in one house.

A mysterious epidemic has also attacked the children attending a school at Clown, in Derbyshire, and the authorities have closed the school until the nature of the ailment has been investigated.

Although "spotted fever" has recently caused terrible mortality in New York and several German cities, only one case had hitherto occurred this year in Great Britain.

LILY AND ROSE WEDDING.

Lord Stratheden and Campbell's Son Marries Miss Oppenheim.

St. George's, Hanover-square, was magnificently decorated yesterday when Mr. Kenneth Campbell, youngest son of Lord and Lady Stratheden and Campbell, was married to Miss Linda Oppenheim, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oppenheim. Lilies were everywhere. The chancel and altar were covered with white blossoms banked up with tall green plants; the nave was a waving avenue of feathery palms, and over the sides of the gallery hung red baize festooned with lilies and greenery.

Over 500 invitations had been sent out, and so crowded was the church that many of the guests had to be accommodated in the galleries. Eight bridesmaids, wearing the daintiest frocks of palest mauve, with wide mauve bows instead of hats, carried bouquets of yellow roses and irises.

IMITATION IN CRIME.

Two Coal Hammer Tragedies in a Week In One Town.

Hemel Hempstead, the little market town six miles from St. Albans, is earning an unpleasant reputation for tragedy.

A week ago a labourer attacked his wife and family with a coal-hammer, and yesterday a local draper, named Whybourne, similarly assailed his wife as she lay in bed.

He then cut her throat with a table-knife and attempted suicide by the same means. The wife died, but the husband is still alive at West Herts Infirmary.

The tragedy was discovered by Whybourne's son, who found his parents' bedroom door locked. His mother lay on the floor, and his father was standing holding his head over a bath. The knife was under his arm.

It is only two months since the family came to Hemel Hempstead from Tunbridge Wells.

CONSCIENCE AND A CROWN.

A Scarbrough man has unexpectedly received £5s. in a letter from Edinburgh. The sender says:—

Ten years ago you lost five shillings wrapped in a piece of paper on Falsgrave-road of your town. I picked it up, but instead of returning it kept it. I now send P.O. for five shillings.

£200 FOR CUP AND SAUCER.

The fifth day of the sale of the Huth collection at Christie's produced £65,257, making the total up to date about £215,000.

A small Sevres porcelain cup and saucer, with Rose du Barri ground, went for £199 10s.

MAN'S BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

Fair Defendant on the Ways of a Sulky Lover.

FAMILY IN COUNCIL.

When a lady is sued for breach of promise what costume ought she to wear on making her appearance in the witness-box?

The answer, as demonstrated by Miss Florence Weiner, in King's Bench Court IX. yesterday, is:

An ordinary breach of promise-shaped hat (viz., something spreading and country maidish) trimmed with the gayest hues of spring flowers in clinging profusion. A frock of cream-coloured lace with just a touch of heliotrope here and there. Yellow suede gloves that reach up to the elbow.

Barely had the Court time to take in these dainty details of attire when the low, demure voice of Miss Weiner was heard informing counsel why she felt obliged to tell Mr. Harry Michael Lyons, tailor, of the Minories, that all must be over between them.

Tearless Tailor.

The heart-broken tailor—after his pluck in becoming a man-plaintiff in a breach of promise case no one can say that tailors are not bold—was sitting just below Miss Weiner at his solicitors' table. Although the young lady proceeded to recount many pathetic things, he did not, as on the first day of the trial, weep.

"He was violent-tempered and sulky," said Miss Weiner, raising her beautiful black eyes to the jury. The tailor threw his head back with a weary air.

Then the maiden gave particulars of her erstwhile tailor's sulks. He sulked because a gentleman opened a railway carriage door for her. He sulked because he was not asked to a wedding breakfast of one of her friends. He sulked because she turned up late at Holborn-viaduct Station to go to a Sunday League concert at the Alhambra.

He sulked because she arrived late at Holborn-viaduct to go to the theatre.

He sulked because one evening, when he went to fetch a cab, he found her waiting by a stage door.

But, however sulky the tailor was, his ex-fiancee—he used to call her his "intended"—was always persuaded to forgive him before he took his final leave of her. He used to plead for forgiveness with tears, and admit that his temper was "beastly."

The Lady's Apologies.

Mr. Shearman, K.C., compelled to this ungallant course by the stern duty of cross-examination, suggested that the young lady, too, sometimes said things to her tailor which she afterwards regretted. The K.C. read these words from letters to prove his point:—

"I say so much in anger that I don't mean, and could not go to bed before I had written this. I could not rest. Good-night, my love, always yours lovingly, Flo."

"My Darling,—I feel terribly grieved that I made you so miserable by my unkind words. It is not because I love you less. You grow dearer to me every day."

To assist Mr. Shearman in his embarrassment, Miss Weiner frankly admitted that she had a temper of her own. "But I do not think it was as bad as his," she added, with a sweet smile.

The Court was much amused by an account which the lady's father gave of a family council which was summoned to decide the fate of her engagement to Mr. Lyons, after the latter had been abnormally sulky.

This court of love consisted of Mr. Weiner, Mrs. Weiner, Mrs. Weiner's father, Mr. Weiner's married daughter, her husband, Mr. Weiner's eldest son, and the son's wife.

By a majority of one the ladies, who gained Mrs. Weiner's father over to their side, as he was "tender-hearted," carried a motion that the tailor should be given another chance.

Although they deliberated for some time the jury were unable to agree.

UNCONSCIOUS FOR TEN WEEKS.

After lying practically unconscious for seventy-two days a man named Henry Bishop, aged fifty-eight, has died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

When Bishop was admitted on March 7 it was found necessary to administer sedatives to the patient until May 18 last, when he died. During the period intervening he was fed by artificial means.

THRONED WITH A.B. PAUPERS.

The North London magistrate was informed yesterday that the Islington Workhouse was so overcrowded by young, able-bodied men that the officials found it difficult to maintain order.

THE WRONG HOUSE.

Comedy of Errors Due to a Man's Absent-Mindedness.

To what strange lengths the weakness of absent-mindedness will lead its victims and in what embarrassing predicaments it occasionally places them was curiously manifested in the Preston Police Court yesterday.

Happily the incident ended in an explanation that gives its termination a turn of comedy instead of the unpleasant ending at first threatened.

According to the statement made to the Bench Hugh Hughes, a local engineer, the other night was making his way homeward.

By some mysterious means he found his way into the wrong house without knowing it. Here, apparently, he was in a neighbour's house under the firm conviction that he was in his own home.

It was rather late at night, and he proceeded to prepare for rest. Even during these preliminaries he did not realise his mistake, and proceeded upstairs to what he thought was his own bedroom.

Then, when he found that he had intruded on the privacy of his neighbour's little daughter, the revelation nearly stunned him, and he retreated in horror.

The neighbour, of course, at first took a very serious view of the matter, but yesterday his solicitor, in withdrawing proceedings for assault, said that Mr. Hughes's version of the matter was accepted, and indicated that there could be no doubt that the affair arose from a most singular mistake.

This is by no means the first time that men have innocently gone to the wrong address. One man, in a fit of absent-mindedness, instead of going home went to a house he had once occupied, but had left for six months. He was both surprised and hurt at being forcibly ejected.

WILD WEST METHODS.

London Cowboy Who Threatens To "Shoot Free" on Trespassers.

Two formidable revolvers were produced in a curious case at North London Police Court yesterday.

Along with a man's jacket and a pillow-slip, the weapons had been taken from a shed in a field on the Great North road by a Sheffield woman named Hannah Richardson, who was sentenced to twenty-one days for the theft.

John Martin, a Finchley cowkeeper, who had allowed the woman to rest in the shed for an hour, told the magistrate that he had to remain in the fields at night in charge of large quantities of stock.

The Magistrate: Then trespassers would be shot? Cowkeeper: Certainly, sir, if they interfered with me.

Mr. Dickinson cautioned the cowkeeper that in this country people were not allowed to shoot at sight.

MAD PISTOL PRACTICE.

Drunken Man Who Utilised His Neighbour as a Target.

For the reckless use of a pistol a carman named Frederick McLean, of St. Alban's-buildings, Gray's Inn-road, was yesterday committed for trial by the Clerkenwell Bench.

Thomas Fry, an attendant at the buildings, heard pistol shots on Sunday afternoon, and opened his window to look out. At a window opposite he saw the prisoner with a pistol in his hand.

Immediately afterwards a shot was fired, the bullet entering his room and passing close to his head.

He rushed into the street for assistance, and Sergeant Seymour entered McLean's room. He found McLean in bed and apparently asleep; the pistol and a box of cartridges were on the bed.

At the police station McLean said: "I have been drinking and remember nothing about it. I hope I have not hurt anyone."

SEWER GAS TRAGEDY.

Mr. John Burns Says It Was the First Case of the Kind for 17 Years.

Mr. John Burns, M.P., gave evidence yesterday at the coroner's inquiry into the death of William Freak, who lost his life in a sewer, at Rotherhithe. The deceased man and two others were overcome by gas fumes. Freak's body was washed away by the rush of water, and recovered two miles from the place at which he entered.

In commending the humane conduct of the rescuers, Mr. Burns said it was the first case of the kind he had known during his experience of seventeen years on the Main Drainage Committee.

Asked by a jurymen whether the L.C.C. would compensate the widow and family, Mr. Burns said the Council as a rule were very generous in such matters.

Potomaine poisoning set up by eating raw colonial frozen meat was yesterday found to have been the cause of the death of a coachman's little daughter at Portobello-road, Notting Hill.

PRISON "BAEDEKER."

"Wrinkles" on How To Be Happy In Gaol.

IMPROVING THE MENU.

No place appears to be too bad but good conduct makes it better. Even in prison a man may be happy and comfortable if he will profit by the experience of men who have been there.

So thinks the writer of a letter in the *Daily Mirror* of Monday, offering, for a fee of half-a-crown, advice to those about to go to gaol.

In an interview yesterday this friend of prisoners said a man had made an appointment with him, and tendered the half-crown for the sound advice he gave. His client was living in the cheerless expectation of a conviction.

"I advised him," said the friend in need, "to give as little trouble as possible, and to be obedient to those in authority over him."

"It's no use trying to hit back, or even talk back, in prison. Always let the warders have the last word."

"Even a plank bed is not past improvement, if the sleeper knows how to adjust it. The secret is simple."

Plank Bed Comforts.

"You roll your bedclothes up and put them on the floor at one end of the cell. Then you rest one end of the plank on that, and put the mattress on the top, and you have a nice sloping couch."

By taking thought a prisoner may also, it seems, adapt prison diet to his advantage.

On this head the advice is to ask the doctor to substitute porridge for the half-pint of ship's cocoa and bread, which are given to newcomers nightly at six o'clock, with nothing to follow till next morning. "Porridge," said the adviser, "is more satisfying than cocoa, and it staves off the pangs of hunger for a longer period."

The recipient of these "wrinkles"—as the writer of the letter styled his advice—was so pleased with them that he would have made the half-crown fee a half-sovereign if he could have afforded it. He had no doubt about profiting by the advice very soon.

DEVEREUX'S CONFIDENCE.

Will Go Into the Witness-Box and Assert His Innocence.

A strenuous defence is anticipated at the trial of Arthur Devereux, charged with the murder of his wife and twin children, whose bodies he concealed in a trunk.

In interviews with his counsel the accused man is said to have reiterated statements of his innocence, always telling the same story of his returning to the house from an evening walk with his eldest boy and finding his wife and the two little ones dead.

Devereux is expected to go into the witness-box and submit his evidence to the jury with every confidence of being acquitted.

It is also thought that the circumstances surrounding the suicide of Mrs. Devereux's brother, whose clothes, it will be remembered, were found on the seashore at Plymouth, together with letters announcing his intention to commit suicide, will be fully brought to light.

REGIMENT OF SANDOWS.

How the Pneumatic Tube Would Revolutionise Parcel Sending.

A witness before the Committee of the House of Commons which is considering the Metropolitan Pneumatic Dispatch Bill, yesterday declared that all the evening newspapers printed in London in a day could be dispatched in carriers in an hour and forty-eight minutes. He thought the total was about 900,000.

Thereupon he was asked if he seriously believed a man could in four seconds lift up a carrier and lift it—100lbs. in weight—into a tube. "If you had a regiment of Sandows it would be a physical impossibility," said the critic.

But the witness explained that successive carriers would be placed in the tube by different workers. The tunnel between the Post Office and Euston built forty years ago was a failure because the unloading of the huge consignments took too long, and the tube had a mechanical defect.

An experiment on a smaller scale than that proposed, said Colonel Crompton, would be of no use to the public.

L.C.C. STEAMBOATS.

On June 17 the inauguration of the new London County Council steamboat service will take place, when the Prince of Wales will proceed by steamer from Westminster to Greenwich.

The Thames Conservancy yesterday decided to lead the procession on the steamer *Conservator*, and to make arrangements for keeping the river clear and in order.

CITY AMENITIES.

Amazing Scene at a Meeting Leads to Slander Suit.

Board meetings are not invariably graced with patience and politeness, but what happened at a meeting of the directors of the "Non-read-over Boot Company," as described before Mr. Justice Lawrence yesterday, passed all reasonable limits of mutual criticism as between fellow-directors.

Mr. Oliver Swann, a Deptford meat salesman, the chairman of the company, was presiding. He had been elected chairman because it was felt his general knowledge of business would be useful in the boot trade.

To the meeting entered Mr. James Lewis Tannar, one of the gentlemen from whom the company had acquired its business. Mr. Tannar had before expressed disapproval of Mr. Swann.

Advancing towards the chairman, Mr. Tannar, a comparatively young and powerful man—so counsel described him—took a firm hold of the chairman's flowing grey beard and gave a tug. Then he pushed the chairman's head back and, seizing him by the neck, tore his collar from his shirt.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the chairman was rescued from Mr. Tannar's clutches, and even when he had been removed to a place of safety the latter pursued him with threats.

For this beard-pulling and other violent conduct, combined with words held to be slanderous, the jury awarded Mr. Swann £400 damages.

BUMBLE'S RED-TAPE.

Workhouse Will Admit Five People, But Refuses Four.

For two nights John Hawes, a Chiswick laundryman, with his wife and three children, ages ten, nine, and six years respectively, were forced to sleep out.

When charged with exposing the children Hawes told the Chiswick Bench yesterday that he was in work, and was a lifelong abstainer and non-smoker. He had been unable to obtain rooms for his family.

The suggestion was made that the wife and children should be kept by the husband at the workhouse till he found them a shelter, but the relieving officer said this could not be allowed.

The Chairman: It is a curious condition of affairs that a man must deprive himself of his power of earning a living by going into the workhouse because the custom of the guardians will not permit them to receive a homeless woman and children without the husband accompanying them.

"TAKEN FOR BURGLARS."

Sheriff's Officers Receive Rough Handling While Levying a Distress.

A somewhat rough-and-ready comedy was enacted the other day at the residence in Kensington-crescent of Mr. Reginald Pillows.

Jeffries and Trundell, two officers of the sheriff of the County of London, called at the house for the purpose of levying a distress consequent on an action in the High Court of Justice.

One of the officers left the house to get his dinner, and, during his absence, Mr. Pillows and his father attacked the remaining officer, kicked him, and tried to turn him out of the house. When his companion returned, they treated him in the same way.

The defendants afterwards expressed their regret, saying that they took the sheriff's officers for burglars.

The West London police magistrate yesterday took a serious view of the case, and imposed on father and son fines of 50s., with 50s. costs.

AT A LITTLE SUPPER.

Curious Story of Turtle Soup and a £50 Diamond Ring.

Mr. Thomas Belvoir, a civil engineer, appeared at the Guildhall yesterday to advance a charge against Miss Ada Blanche O'Brien, an attractive-looking and elegantly-dressed young woman, of stealing his £50 diamond ring.

He stated that he met Miss O'Brien at Cannon-street Station, and took her to have some supper at an hotel.

Miss O'Brien, he avers, suggested "turtle soup," and as it was "off" at the hotel, she went out to order some.

After that he missed his ring, and Miss O'Brien did not return. The next time he saw her was at Holloway.

Mr. Belvoir was closely cross-examined, and ultimately the Alderman dismissed the case.

A small tub of butter, believed to have been made centuries ago, has been unearthed from a bog in Co. Fermanagh. The butter is stated to be sweet, in spite of its hoary age.

TEST MATCHES AND DRAWN BATTLES.

The Impossibility of Finishing In Three Days on Hard Wickets.

ENGLAND'S BEST TEAM.

By F. B. WILSON.
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

The Australians entered upon their probably most serious engagement up to date yesterday, against Yorkshire, at Sheffield. This may seem "two-penn'orth" of nonsense in view of the fact that they have already encountered the Gentlemen of England twice.

But these last were a heterogeneous side composed of good players from far and wide, while Yorkshire are a "Band of Brothers," to borrow a Kentish term, who play together "all for one and one for all."

Yorkshire have always a fine bowling side, further strengthened yesterday by P. S. Jackson. The Australians won the toss, the wicket was plumb—and what happened? Runs, runs, runs; and then the Colonials left out Armstrong, Hopkins, and Gehrs.

What hope is there that the match will be finished, barring always the fear that Yorkshire will collapse? Follows the inevitable query—What price the Test matches? There is no reason in the world to presume that the Australians will, given fine weather, collapse against the available English bowling in the proverbial month of Sundays.

A RARE SCORING SIDE.

Presume, and it is a rare presumption, Trumper, Duff, and Hill out for 0. Follow, confident and careful, Darling, Noble, Armstrong, Gregory; and even if these were cheaply disposed of the "guinea-pig side" would run the score up to over 200.

And the second innings? Really the thing is more annoying than funny, as the man said who fell into a barrel of tar. In fact, the test matches, with the exception of the Oval match, which is, provisionally, to be played out to a finish, cannot possibly be finished on a good wicket unless England loses. What then are our tactics? Play Ranjitsinhji, Fry, MacLaren, Jones, Jackson, A. K. Foster, Iremonger, Hirst, Tyldesley, Hayward, and Knight.

Put who you like on to bowl and have a long-stop, the rest of the field sitting comfortably round the boundaries. Then, with the good season that seems in store for us, England ought to be safe enough to keep the "Ashes" for the first four Test matches.

For the final match things might be taken seriously. At present the arrangements for the test matches are childish.

HEARTBREAKING FOR BOWLERS.

With the perfect wickets usually on hand in fine weather—yet one will remember the amusing performances of the season on wickets that were not absolutely plumb—a slinger may pour his heart out without one of his deliveries, no matter how much stuff it has on, either breaking, jumping, or creeping. "Plumb 'em down on the job," said a great bowler recently, "and you get the straight bat and 'no.' Heave 'em on the off, and it's two legs and a bland smile, with the bat well over the shoulder."

If one dared to contrast the present battle with the great Trafalgar, one might amend the noble legend somewhat after the fashion: "England expects every man to have a plumb wicket, and leave them along on the starboard side."

For the final test match, when we are out, presumably, to win, the following players must inevitably represent the Mother Country: C. B. Fry, quite obviously; K. S. Ranjitsinhji, who is spoken of as the greatest ever; Gilbert Jessop, perhaps the best fielder; certainly one of the most wonderful bats in the world; A. O. Jones, Bosanquet, the "what-not-heaver"; Lilley, Hayward, Hirst, the multum-in-parvo; and Rhodes.

For the other two places Arnold and Breatley seem at present the most probable winners. Both have done well against the Colonials, and in a Test match a doubtful known quantity is better than a nonentity.

Perhaps this summing-up may appear premature; yet, so important is the final—and really only—Test match, that even thus early an opinion, subject always to correction, must be formed by all who are interested in the maintenance of the supremacy of English cricket.

F. B. WILSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. AUTUMN.—After making careful inquiries, I find that F. Mikilish, and not E. R. Wilson, was the perpetrator of the "two-penn'orth" second term you use is rarely heard on the cricket field.

R. O. LYNN.—If the appeal is simultaneous, the man can be run out, as if the "bowler's umpire" acknowledges the hit, the batsman is caught at the wicket.

O. PLEASE.—Your question is slightly indefinite, but I think you will find your answer in the *Daily Mirror*, May 16. 2. Many thanks.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

"To reach the North Pole would be a sporting thing to do. It is quite feasible, but it is not likely to prove of any geographical interest," said Sir Clements Markham at the Royal Geographical Society's anniversary meeting yesterday.

Two thousand bales of cotton were damaged by warehouse fires in Liverpool yesterday.

In a field at Wollaton Rectory, near Nottingham, a skylark's nest containing a cuckoo's eggs has been found.

Miss Flora Stevenson, "chairman" of the Edinburgh School Board, yesterday had the freedom of the Scottish capital conferred upon her.

Two thousand people witnessed the eighteen baptismal ceremonies conducted in the sea near the lighthouse at Burnham by the Plymouth Brethren.

Heart failure was stated at yesterday's inquest to have caused the death, whilst speaking at a meeting on Friday night, of Councillor Effingham, of East Ham.

Estate exceeding £100,000 was left by Mr. Sear, a Liverpool merchant, and a dispute regarding his will was settled yesterday on terms which include the payment of £45,000 to charity.

Upon his return from a cycle ride to the neighbouring village of Snaithon, John William Boddy, blacksmith, of Scalby, near Scarborough, partook of tea, and then suddenly expired.

H.M. destroyer Syren, which ran ashore on a rock at the east end of Berehaven Island, and parted in two, was towed by the tug Stormcock yesterday to Queenstown and safely berthed in Haubowline Dockyard.

Needham Market (Suffolk) Sparrow Club killed eleven thousand birds on 3,500 acres in twelve months.

Although the tramway strike at St. Helens remains unsettled, a few men began work yesterday at the old rate of wages.

Mr. Hugh Boyle was yesterday re-elected president, and Mr. Burt, M.P., secretary, of the council of the Northumberland Miners' Association.

Improvements on the quayside, estimated to cost £89,000, were decided upon by the Trade and Commerce Committee of the Newcastle Corporation yesterday.

Within a few days of completing his hundredth year, Thomas McMahon, a farmer, who had suffered no illness for seventy-five years, died yesterday in Monaghan.

Two horses attached to a butcher's van ran away at Strutton-ground, Westminster, and dashed through the large window of a public-house in Horseferry-road. Luckily there was no one in the bar at the time.

Hundreds of Italians, mainly engaged in organ-grinding and the manufacture of ice-cream, have been compelled to leave their colony near Newcastle Gaol owing to improvements decided upon in the Tyneside city.

"We have to do business on the cheap here, so we dispense with many things which they require in the High Court," said Judge Edge at Clerkenwell yesterday in ruling that with a medical certificate relating to the illness of a witness an affidavit of identification was not necessary.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH PROCESSION IN KENSAL, N.W.



Organised by the members of the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Souls. Relics of St. Thomas of Canterbury were borne in the parade.

Rats infesting a cab proprietor's stable, near Otley, have annoyed the chestnut horse which occupies it so much that the animal has killed on an average four of the rodents each week with his teeth.

Councillor Gribble, under whose generalship the Northants bootmakers marched to London, last night stated that the manufacturers' latest proposals for a settlement of the boot strike were utterly unacceptable.

Mrs. Brayford, Rocklands, Stoke-on-Trent, was found on the main Holyhead line at Old Colwyn Station yesterday with her skull fractured. She died soon after being discovered. Since Friday she had been staying at Colwyn Bay.

To prevent the spread of contagious disease, Lewisham and Greenwich local authorities invite the Local Government Board to promote legislation making it a penal offence for persons brought in contact with smallpox patients to give a false address.

Since its foundation, said the Duke of Connaught at the Royal United Service Institution yesterday, the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, Kingston-on-Thames, had enabled three hundred widows to spend the remainder of their lives in comfort and happiness.

On the initiative of a metropolitan ratepayers' conference held at Peckham, a resolution is being sent for adoption to the borough councils calling for the promotion of a referendum in order that ratepayers may express their opinion on municipal projects before they are carried out.

Miss Annie Esther Stanley, of Maddox-street, left a bequest of £6,000 to the Archdeacon of London, the vicar of St. George's, Hanover-square, and three laymen resident in the district, to apply the same in grants of not more than £25 for ladies in reduced circumstances in the parish.

With a rifle under his arm, a gamekeeper at Hockham (Norfolk) turned round to close a cottage door. The gun accidentally went off, and a boy named Percy Matthews, aged twelve, who was playing close by, was fatally shot.

Chelsea Borough Council are opposed to the Unemployed Workmen Bill, one of their objections being that it will still further encourage the immigration of men into London, thereby increasing the difficulties of the present situation.

Arrangements were directed to be made at yesterday's meeting of the Thames Conservancy for the members of the board to visit Antwerp, Hamburg, and Rotterdam at an early date to note the modern dock improvements carried out at those ports.

"All day long on Sunday I hadn't a moment's peace," complained a Baker-street resident to the Enfield Bench yesterday. "The cry of 'Winkles' and 'Shrimps!' nearly drove me distracted." For shouting his wares in the street a hawk was fined.

When accosted by a policeman named Corless, at Preston, a farmer remonstrated with him for his use of bad language. The constable, it is alleged, retaliated by taking running kicks at the farmer. Yesterday Corless was fined 40s. and costs for assault.

At Heswall-on-Dee, Cheshire, the curious sight of a hen taking to water was witnessed. Seven ducklings reared by the hen went into the park pond, and the alarmed foster-mother took courage and followed them. For several hours she paddled about with her body just clear of the water.

Nests of eight couples of sparrows, each containing either young birds or eggs, blocked up the ventilators of Sandown Baptist Church. Jackdaws had made similar use of the ventilator over the schoolroom, there being material in the nest sufficient to have filled a lady's large travelling trunk.

CITY TALKS OF CHEAP MONEY.

Signs of the Stock Markets Improving at Last.

CONSOLS LOOK BETTER.

CAPEL COURT, Monday Evening.—The voice of the bidder was heard in the Stock Exchange to-day. It was quite refreshing to come back after yesterday's holiday and to find not only more cubic space for the markets, but more business to fill it, though, of course, a good deal of it was "bear" closing. But the market seemed to think that the worst has been seen of the depression, and a great deal is made of cheap money indications. To-day's Treasury bills results, for instance, were quite an eye-opener. The Continent and the Japanese Government came for them, and for the £2,000,000 of yearlings offered there were applications for more than four times over. The average discount rate was 42 1/2, 43 1/2, and this was very favourable to the Government. Consequently Consols closed good at 90 1/2, and the market looks better than for a very long time past.

Naturally all eyes were on Americans. Lawson, the Boston speculator, had advertised another tirade against the market. Saturday's news was anything but encouraging, and the Bank statement was poor. But directly these were indications of better markets Americans quickly forged ahead, the liquidation having apparently ceased, and "bear" closing being encouraged. So the market closed strong.

DOVER'S BULL POINT.

Perhaps the most disappointing market was Home Rails. To-day's Brighton traffic was only 28,626 down, as compared even with the long-distance Whitstable traffic of last year. This was of good omen. And Dover "A" at 56 1/2 was helped by the knowledge that another important steamship company was about to make Dover a port of call. Hulls rose 1/2.

Canadian Rails were in better form, and closed up on the day. Nearly all round the foreign railway group there were equally satisfactory stories to be told. Argentine Rails well held their own, and the new B. A. Great Southern shares were a premium bid at the finish. These shares are certainly cheap 4 per cent. holdings until 1910. They get no interest till the last half of 1906. They are convertible in 1910 into stock at "par," and so, if present Great Southern ordinary kept its price at 140; there would be a valuable gain of nearly thirty points per cent. on the deal. The line being the Premier Argentine railway, the position seems worth noting. Buenos Ayres bought Argentine Rails to-day.

CUTTING THE DIAMOND.

The Kaffir finance houses sent a few orders in to support leading shares, and so Kaffirs took a turn for the better. Premier Diamonds recovered sharply after their recent depression to 15, a good deal being made of the report that the record diamond found on the property is coming well through the cutting process without any serious flaws being developed. But it is not everybody who can afford to buy it. Bankets were firm on rumours of a "deal."

Apart from the Kaffir market, interest to-day mainly centred in the West African group, for the Ashanti Goldfields Company was holding its meeting in the afternoon to consider the expert report on the property. As expected, the company wants more capital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The "Daily Mirror" will be happy to reply to its readers as to the merits of stocks and shares. It will furnish names of brokers, members of the leading exchanges, for investment purposes only. It will be obliged if readers will forward all touting, outside brokers', and bucket-shop circulars, indicating the value of stocks and shares, and other financial literature that may be in circulation.

NERCHINSK (R). No high opinion. Hold perhaps in view of market tactics, but do not buy more. The reasons of the decline are stated.—FOUR SHARES (Cantal). No. The best is the first-named, a moderate chance only.—BILBAO RIVER AND CANTABRIAN RAILWAY (R. R.). The market opens with the fully-paid Ord. and Pref. both quoted 7, market rather nominal.—SHARES (Investor). (1-4) High enough. (5) The railway shares are regarded as good ones of their class. The market is in Cardiff and Bristol, not London.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MAY 23 1905

BUTCHERY OR SPORT?

THE cruelty of pigeon-shooting, which has just led to the decision of the Hurlingham Club to have no more of this "sport" in its grounds, is no new discovery.

As long ago as 1883 a Bill to put a stop to it was passed by the House of Commons. Hideous tales of the cruelty practised on the wretched birds were told to the horrified M.P.s. What happens is this: A pigeon is let out of a trap and shot at from thirty yards away. This would be bad enough, even if the pigeon were given a fair chance of getting away when it fluttered, dazed and stiff from confinement, out of its trap.

But that would make it too hard for the man with the gun. Therefore the birds are lamed, starved, tortured in the most revolting fashion to make them an easier mark and to prevent their getting away.

What happened to this Bill which passed the House of Commons with a majority of 150? It was thrown out by the House of Lords. Pigeon-shooting, said their lordships, was "sport," and no interference with "sport" could be allowed.

For twenty-two years, therefore, this brutal gun-practice has gone on, although the elected representatives of the nation had declared it must stop, just because a handful of titled boobies did not understand what "sport" means.

If "sport" has any meaning, that meaning is synonymous with fair play. As long as man takes no advantage of the animal against which he pits his cunning and endurance, he may be called a sportsman. As soon as he handicaps the animal he ceases to be a sportsman. He becomes a mere butcher.

That is why the mass of people in this country object to tame stag hunting, tame pheasant shooting, coursing hares and rabbits let out of a sack, pigeon shooting, and so on. They will all have to go.

A CONTRAST IN EMPERORS.

Thirty years ago a popular German novelist warned his countrymen that the transformation of the King of Prussia into the German Emperor might have unlooked-for consequences. It might, he said, result in making the Sovereign delight in the pomp and magnificence which one naturally associates with an Empire. It might banish "the old Spartan simplicity," which had up to then distinguished the monarchy and the people as well.

Evidently there are Germans who think this danger has come very near. One of the most widely-read Berlin newspapers has just published an article deploping the constant round of state journeys and festivities which occupy most of the Kaiser's time. Not only do these exhaust the Emperor's energy; they also cost his people a great deal of money. Furthermore, they intensify social contrasts. The rich spend more and more money in order not to be behind the times. The poor feel their poverty with a sharper pang.

This, of course, is really a veiled attack upon the Emperor himself. It is not his title, but his character, which is the cause of his restless anxiety to be always in the centre of the stage and to have expensive scenery and decorations.

That a King-Emperor *may* conduct himself modestly and wisely has been amply proved by our own Sovereign. King Edward discharges all his royal duties with perfect dignity. No one could be more conscientious or more business-like. Yet he avoids unnecessary display as carefully as if he were a private citizen. His aim is to be rather an English gentleman, with a very high and important position to fill, than a monarch whose chief desire is to impress everybody with his imperial magnificence.

If the Kaiser would take a leaf out of his uncle's book, such complaints as we have quoted would very quickly cease.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Women in their hearts think that men are intended to earn money for them to spend, if possible during their husbands' lifetime, but, at any rate, after their death.—*Schopenhauer.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Duke of Aosta, who is to represent Italy at the marriage of the Crown Prince of Germany, is not so well-known in this country as his beautiful wife, the sister of the Queen of Portugal. The Duchess of Aosta passed many years in England as a girl, and she has had her two little boys taught to admire our country and to speak our language quite as well, if not better, than their own. The Duchess was in England for King Edward's Coronation, and when the King fell ill she stayed on in London to be the constant companion of Queen Alexandra and her daughters during that trying time.

The Royal Geographical Society gave their farewell banquet to the retiring president, Sir Clements Markham, at the Hôtel Métropole last night. Sir Clements has travelled, like most other members of the society, into the most perilous and outlandish exploits. His most exciting and most directly useful exploit was his transportation of the healing Chin-chona tree from South America into the malarial districts of India. With only one companion he had to search for the roots of the precious plant in the midst of enemies, for the Indians were

land; then, on the death of his mother, Lord Willoughby de Eresby; finally, he became the Earl of Ancaster. He owns one of the most beautiful houses in Scotland, Drummond Castle, a mysterious place, where only recently a secret room of which no one knew the existence was discovered by some workmen.

His town house in Belgrave-square is mysterious, too. Lady Ancaster was giving a reception there some years ago. One of the guests remarked as she shook hands with the hostess, "I have just seen Sir George Tryon on the stairs. He looked very pale and did not speak." "You cannot have seen him," said Lady Ancaster, "he is with the squadron in the Mediterranean." The next day, the news came that the Victoria had sunk with Sir George Tryon and many of the crew. Sir George was Lord Ancaster's brother-in-law. Lady Ancaster is an enthusiast about dancing, and her daughters are all experts in the art.

Playgoers were delighted to see Mr. Martin Harvey back in town at the Lyric Theatre last night. During this week, too, we shall see him in "The Only Way," a play which Lord Roberts declared was the best he had ever seen, as well as in "Hamlet." Mr. Harvey, who is one of the most fortunate of contemporary actors, has had his misfortunes like

LAST NIGHT'S HAMLET—MR. MARTIN HARVEY.



At the Lyric Theatre last night Mr. Harvey introduced his Hamlet to London. All the rival Hamlets look on with rage and envy in their hearts.

determined to prevent any of their valuable trees being taken from them.

When the Royal Geographical Society started (I do not think the custom has been kept up) they endeavoured to secure, at the annual banquet, that the viands should come from the ends of the earth. Accordingly, a haunch of reindeer venison was brought by a northern explorer from Spitzbergen; and he also contributed rye cakes baked at the North Cape, a Norway cheese, and some berries from Lapland. Other members brought hams from Mexico, loaves made out of wheat grown near the Dead Sea, and various delicacies from China, Japan, South Africa, and Borneo. Such a dinner exercises the imagination of the genuine traveller; it also exercises his digestion.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker, whose comedy, "The Courage of Silence," was produced at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, last night, has always lived in a literary atmosphere, and amongst people who care for books. She has written another play, in collaboration with Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, and a short story in collaboration with Thomas Hardy. She has known Mr. Swinburne, too, the sage of Putney, for a good many years. Apart from her literary work, Mrs. Henniker found time, when her brother, Lord Crewe, was Viceroy of Ireland, to act as hostess for him.

Lord Ancaster, who has just secured the abolition of pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham, has probably changed his name more often than any other peer. While his father was still alive he was plain Mr. Gilbert Heathcote. Then he became Lord Ave-

rother people. He was once having supper at a restaurant after a first night. Suddenly a waiter rushed up to his table and said: "Your theatre is on fire, sir!" Mr. Harvey fled from the place. But the fire turned out to be an insignificant one. "Hamlet," by the way, is a play which ought to delight Mr. Harvey, who is fond of catastrophic endings.

As a boy he once performed a tragedy of his own before his family. The audience was humbly entreated, on the programme, not to give way to laughter. They tried hard not to do so, and succeeded until the end of the last act. Then, when the stage was strewn with the bodies of all the performers, lying in serried rows, all hideously done to death, it became Mr. Harvey's duty to perish by his own hand. He perished, but most unfortunately his death left no one to pull down the curtain, and after lying in silence for some moments he had to rise from death and do it himself. It was then that the audience laughed.

The bazaar of the season, held in aid of the Westminster Hospital, in Dean's-yard, Westminster, is to be opened by the Duke of Cornwall to-day at three o'clock. The committee of the bazaar have issued a most artistically gotten-up book in which the wonders of the function are described in advance. Nearly everybody in London has given his or her patronage, or has promised to help at the stalls. These are to represent the whole history of England, and each set of stallholders is to be dressed in the costume of the reign of one King, from the reign of William I. to that of Edward VII.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE FARMER'S GIRL.

Women cannot be farm labourers. It is all nonsense.

They have not the strength. They have not the sticking-power, or the endurance. They can do a little gardening, but hard work in the fields and the farmyard is beyond them altogether. A FARMER.

Saffron Walden.

CHEAPER TELEGRAMS.

I notice that a telegraph office in the City is to be closed because telephones have so largely decreased the number of telegrams.

Is it not time to reduce the price of telegrams? I can talk to anybody over the telephone at a public call office for 2d. The cheapest telegram costs 4d. Little wonder telegraph business has fallen off. Throgmorton-street. CLAUDE BEDDOE.

L.C.C. AND THRIFT.

Why does the London County Council object to Dr. Smiles' "Thrift" as a prize for school children? It teaches just the lessons which the Board school boy and girl need to learn.

It is not a great literary work, but its anecdotes and homely illustrations have a great effect upon the immature mind. Thrift ought to be inculcated somehow. I never heard of any lesson times being devoted to it in England. Anglo-FRENCH. Whitehall-court.

THE CHURCH AND DIVORCE.

Your correspondent who complains of the inconsistency of the Church's attitude in refusing to countenance the re-marriage of divorced persons entirely fails—as do so many people—to understand the principle which underlies such refusal.

The Church of England, following the inflexible rule of the Catholic Church, holds its marriage ceremony to be a sacrament in which the contracting parties take a solemn and irrevocable vow, binding themselves to each other so long as they both shall remain alive.

A civil divorce—however it may affect the social relations of the parties—has no power to annul such a vow; and consequently the ecclesiastical solemnization of a second marriage with one of the divorced parties during the lifetime of the other is an absurdity. The "morality" or "immorality" of the re-marriage does not enter into the question. Maida Vale. ANGLICAN.

May I first be allowed to inform your correspondent that according to the Twenty-fifth Article of Religion of the State Church, marriage is not considered to be a sacrament, as it is in the Roman Catholic Church? As regards the marriage of divorced persons, the Church cares little whether her members are divorced and re-married or not. She holds no positive claim on them. AGNOSTIC.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Henry Russell.

YESTERDAY was a big day for him. Under his direction the new Waldorf Theatre opened its doors for a season of opera and drama combined. If the operas attract London as he hopes, he means to start a permanent light opera house here.

It seems quite strange to find anyone connected with opera and the teaching of music, especially with an English name, but Mr. Russell has a yet greater distinction; he is a professor at the Royal Academy of Music at Rome, and the first English singing master who has ever been admitted into any Italian academy.

Last year, too, when he organised the "cheap-price" opera season at Covent Garden, he established another record as the youngest impresario who has ever controlled an opera at that opera house.

At a first glance he might be an Italian, with his dark, curly hair brushed back from his forehead, and his expressive eyes and clean-cut, clean-shaven face, but he is English to the backbone. His father was the composer of the famous song, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

It is some wonder that the charms of his Italian villa and his Italian friends have not made him desert us altogether. To-night one of the greatest of those friends, Signora Duse, is appearing at the Waldorf, and that she is able to do so we owe to him. At one time it seemed that she was about to lose her voice, which she had strained by a wrong method of production, but he stepped in and saved it.

IN MY GARDEN.

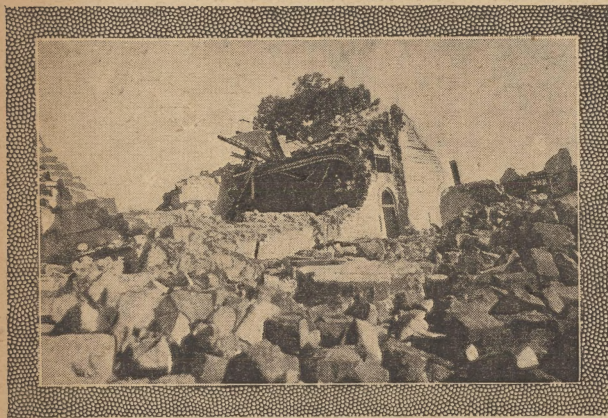
MAY 22.—Half-hardy plants and seedlings can be safely planted out now. Geraniums, snapdragons, marguerites, lobelia, asters, stocks, are all beautiful and free-flowering garden favourites. These plants, if carefully arranged and looked after, will turn a desert of to-day into a lovely spot almost immediately.

Pinks and carnations are doing splendidly this year. They are now thickly covered with buds. The flower-stems of the latter must be secured to neat stakes at once.

The common but graceful Solomon's seal has many in many instances. Growing behind the "bleeding heart" (now in full bloom) it affords a pleasing background for the pink-white flowers. E. F. T.

PICTURES OF THE DAYS NEWS

BUILDING WRECKED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.



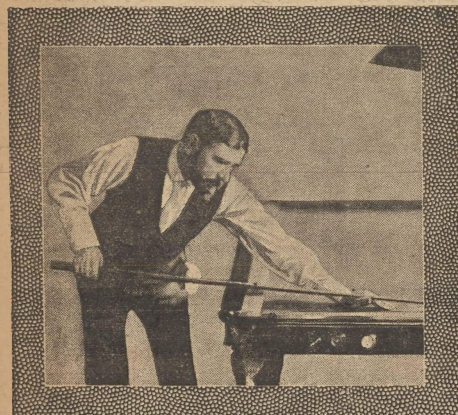
At Dharmasala. The photograph shows how easily a strong stone structure was shattered in a few seconds.—(Copyright "The Sphere.")

A NEW PORTIA.



Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, who appears in Sir Henry Irving's production of "The Merchant of Venice."

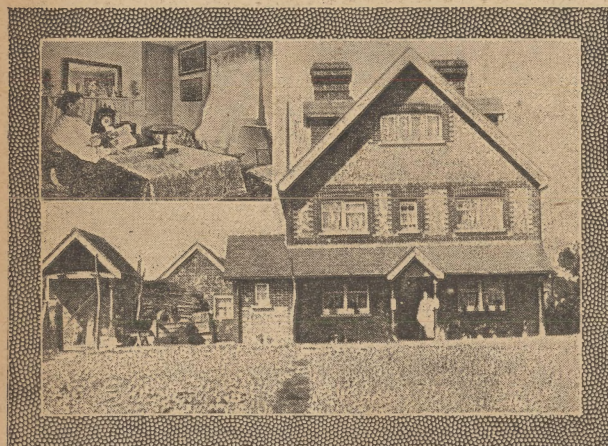
YESTERDAY'S GREAT BILLIARD MATCH.



John Roberts (first photograph), who began a match with H. W. Stevenson (second photograph) at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Roberts is thirty years older than Stevenson, who was once his pupil.—(Gerrard.)



ONE OF SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM'S COTTAGES.



The authorities at Chailey objected to his plans, but the cottages are built and occupied. This is "Bye-Law Cottage," now tenanted, and declared by its occupants to be most comfortable.

WINNER OF FRENCH OAKS.



M. Veil-Picard's English-bred Clyde won the Prix de Diane, worth £2,000, ridden by Cormack.—Photograph taken just after the race.

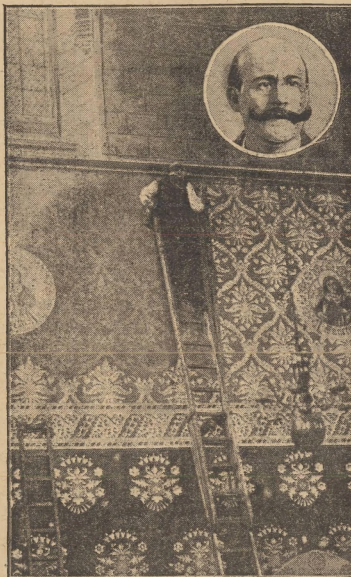
NEWS

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.



The messages are sent and received from a cap receiving a wireless telegram on the tape machine graphy corp

A PRACTICAL CLERGYMAN.



Rev. J. H. Lewthwaite, of St. Paul's Church, Clerkenwell, who saved £300 by gilding the church himself. He did the work as well as a gilder. The top photograph shows him in repose.

VIEWS

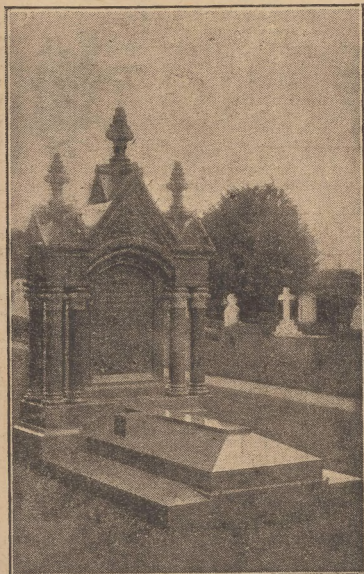


IN THE GERMAN ARMY.



balloon. The top photograph shows an officer re-
The bottom photograph shows the wireless tele-
marching order.

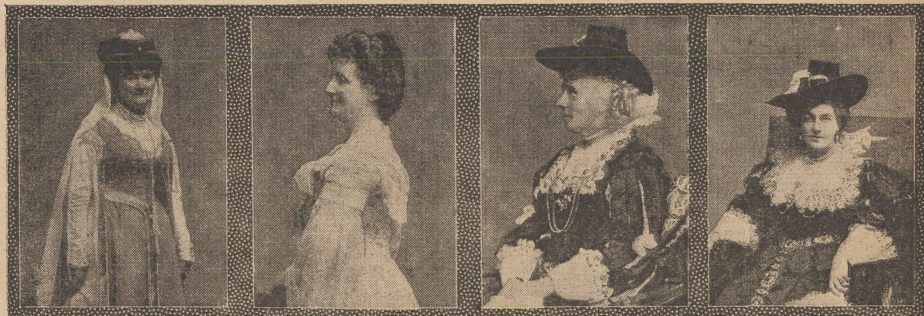
MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT'S TOMB.



This monument has just been placed over the
grave of the unhappy financier in Witley
Churchyard. It bears, in addition to the
name, the words: "Lord of the Manor of
Witley. He loved the poor."

PATRONESSES of the WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL BAZAAR

GRAND HISTORICAL BAZAAR OPENS IN DEAN'S YARD TO-DAY.



Lady Llangattock at the
Welsh stall, illustrating the
reign of Henry IV.

Marchioness of Lansdowne,
who sells wedding presents at
William IV. stall.

The Viscountess Knutsford,
who sells embroidery, lace,
etc., at the Charles I. stall.

Lady Horatia Erskine at the
Charles I. stall, where brass-
work is on sale.



The Countess of Yarmouth. Sells
American candy at the Charles II.
stall.

Hon. Kathleen de Montmorency, assis-
tant at the stall of Edward VII.—
Staffordshire and other pottery.

Miss Turner, who sells Bayeux
tapestry, metal-work, carvings, and
coins at the William I. stall.



Mrs. A. Tindal Atkinson, one of the assistants of Mrs. Spot-
tiswoode and Mrs. Cyril Spottiswoode, at the Caxton stall
for the sale of the book of the bazaar.

Miss Hargreaves Brown, one of the assistants at the Henry V.
stall, at which jewellery and fans are sold.
[Photographs by Langhien]

MAN OR WOMAN— WHICH IS THE PURSUER?

Mr. Bernard Shaw in His Play at the Stage Society Yesterday Says Woman.

Does man pursue shy and shrinking woman, or does woman pursue coy and shrinking man? The former is the generally-accepted view. Mr. Bernard Shaw in his play, "Man and Superman," which was produced yesterday by the Stage Society at the Court Theatre, reverses the whole idea at a series of matinees, says that woman is the pursuer, and that man has no chance of escape.

Nor does he stop there. With characteristic "Shawishness," he insists that the "nice," good girl who seems to have no greater object in life than to obey her parents and guardians is really scheming the capture by whatever underhand means may be necessary, of some man. And the man? Well, he is doing his level best to escape.

John Tanner, round whose attempts to escape from a woman and ultimate capture the play is written, is a man who fully understands the situation. He quite appreciates the fact that women are the pursuers. He is fully alive to the fact that, in pursuit of her prey, woman makes the end justify the means; that, driven by the instinct of maternity, all she retains of civilisation is hypocrisy. But his knowledge does not save him.

To his infinite surprise he finds himself, in spite of his violent and strange opinions, made guardian of a young girl, Ann Whitefield, who, though he does not know it, has singled him out as her prey.

MAN HUNTED BY WOMAN.

To secure him as her guardian was her first step, and she next proceeds to ensure him. When she discovers her designs he takes instant flight in a motor-car, but she follows him across Europe, and eventually he has to give in and marry her. He says himself:—

No man is a match for a woman, except with a poker and a pair of hobnailed boots. Not always even then.

While Ann has been hunting Tanner, Tanner has been lavishing advice and criticism of her in particular, and women in general, on another man, whom he believes is the destined victim. Woman sacrifices everything, he says, to her purpose.

That purpose is neither her happiness nor yours, but Nature's. Vitality in a woman is a blind fury of creation. She sacrifices herself to it: do you think she will hesitate to sacrifice you?

It is the self-sacrificing women that sacrifice others most recklessly. Because they are unselfish they are kind in little things. Because they have a purpose which is not their own purpose but that of the whole universe, a man is nothing to them but an instrument of that purpose.

They take the tenderest care of us, as a soldier takes care of his rifle, or a musician of his violin. They tremble when we are in danger, and weep when we die, but the tenderest care of us, as a father-wasted, a son's breeding thrown away.

As for a wife as a source of poetic inspiration, Mr. Shaw, through the mouthpiece of Tanner, addresses himself thus to all young men—and par-

ticularly to young poets who are desperately in love:—

At the end of a week you will find no more inspiration in her than in a plate of mushrooms.

You think I shall tire of her? Not at all. You don't get tired of mushrooms. But you don't find inspirations in them.

Ann herself does not think much of poetry in marriage. When she refuses Tanner's romantic friend, who worships the ground she treads on, she addresses him thus:—

I can see exactly what will suit you. You must be a sentimental old bachelor for my sake. You won't have a bad time. You will be very nice to women, and you will go a good deal to the opera.

"What," says Tanner, "a man who idolizes women! Will he never marry? Why, he was born to be swept up by the first pair of blue eyes he meets in the street."

"Yes, I know," retorts Ann. "All the same, men like that always live in comfortable bachelor lodgings with broken hearts, and are adored by their landladies and never get married."

"And it's the same with women," she continues. "The poetic temperament's a very nice temperament, very amiable, very harmless and poetic, I daresay; but it's an old maid's temperament."

Is it all? Mr. Shaw's fantastic humour or is there really anything in it? Is our old belief that man is the pursuer all a mistake? Does woman really mark down her prey and follow it step by step until she secures it? It opens up quite a new view of the endless problem of the sexes.

As a theatrical performance, "Man and Superman" is an undoubted success, a success which owes almost as much to the actors as to Mr. Shaw's clever writing. Mr. Granville Barker as Tanner, Miss Lilian McCarthy as Ann, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as "Enery, Tanner's chauffeur, the "new man," a later product of civilisation than the "new woman," were the pick of a strong cast.

NEVER HEARD OF EDINBURGH.

Board School Boy Who Could Only Give the Name of One Town.

I read with amusement, writes a *Daily Mirror* reader, Mr. C. Laurence, Woodland-rise, Highgate, the "public school essay" on "Bloody Queen Mary." But the point is that in the main the writer's views are correct.

A Board school child would probably have stated that "Queen Mary was queen of the cannibal islands, that football was not allowed in her reign, that she caused the Wars of the Roses," and so on.

As a specimen of Board school education I quote the following. A boy applied to me for a situation, telling me he had passed the sixth standard. "Do you know anything of geography," I asked.

"Yus," he replied.

"Tell me the name of a town in the United Kingdom?"

"London."

"Very good. Do you know the names of any other towns?"

"What are they?"

"Kentish Town and Camden Town," he replied.

"One hardly calls those towns," I said. "Do you know any more?"

"No."

"What about Edinburgh?" I ventured. "Do you not know where that is?"

"No," said the boy, "I never 'eard of it."

I wonder whether a second or third form public school boy could beat that?

"If it is the only way, I feel it is the wrong way—I feel it is wicked."

"Wicked?"

He shouted the word aloud, and it seemed to echo through the trees, and be cast back mockingly by the great, black hills.

"Wicked! You didn't say that a week or two ago by the river; you did not think of that then. You didn't say so even in your letter. It is too late to think of it now."

Again he tried to force her hands away and hold her tightly to himself and press his lips to hers; but she still had strength to keep him away.

"I didn't love you—so—much—then," she panted. "Love has warned me, love shows me right and wrong. I urged you to evil then—now I want you to do right. Help me, Arthur; don't make it more difficult."

For an instant he was swayed by her appeal; his hold on her relaxed, she slipped further out of his arms.

And so they stood looking at one another for several seconds—several seconds of absolute silence.

Merrick was hot and flushed, irresolute; the flame of passion was fiercely kindled in his eyes, his body was tense and rigid like a band of quivering steel, every muscle tight and strained; the blood rushed like a torrent through his veins. Love held him in the hollow of his hands: he was blind and deaf to every other emotion, thought, and feeling.

And Dolores—her eyes were wide open, fastened on his with an overpowering fascination. She tried to look away, but she could not; his eyes, compelling, hers avoided. Her breath came in short, swift gasps, her body trembled like the branch above their heads. Her bosom rose and fell like a soft sea-wave beneath the cloud of black lace around her shoulders. Fantastic, fascinating, voluptuous she had always looked in her coldest moods, now love made her beauty overpowering; love peeped from every curve of her trembling figure outlined

THE DRAMATIC SENSE.

Living Pathos and Humour from the Morning's News.

The German Empress, whose accident is fortunately not proving serious, is all the better for the "emancipated woman." A little while ago she declared that her sex would be all the better for confining their attention to the four k's—"Kinder, Kirche, Küche, and Kleider" (children, church, cooking, and clothes).

How Caruso "Came to Grief."

Signor Caruso, the famous tenor, who reappeared at Covent Garden last night, was turned out of the house by his father for wanting to be a singer instead of an engineer. "Follow your fancy," said Caruso père; "it will bring you to grief, but don't come to me for help." Now the son makes £100 every time he sings, as much as his father earned in six months.

Strictly Professional.

A London dentist, born at Yarmouth, recently desiring to make some gift to his native town, chose a novel form of carrying out his intention. He wrote to the board of guardians offering to present twelve of the deserving poor with a set of teeth each. The board accepted the offer with many thanks.

Hatred of the Oppressor.

To show how the inhabitants of Finland hate Russia, which has deprived them of their liberties, Mr. Burton Holmes, in one of his "Travelogues," told the story of a Finn who asked him for a light. When the Finn saw the box which Mr. Holmes took out of his pocket, he said, "No, I will do without a light. Those matches were made in Russia. I cannot use them."

Too Clever By Half.

Eight Chinese fishermen found an unexploded Russian floating mine on the beach near Wei-hai-wei. Four of them thought they would be clever, so they suggested that the other four should go and fetch ropes to haul it up with. As soon as the rope party had started the clever four set to work to break the mysterious "find" open. All that could be found of them afterwards were their pig-tails.

Death Rather Than Operation.

A Teddington man named Allen was to have been operated yesterday for a complaint which caused him severe pains in the head.

He could not bear the thought of the knife. It preyed upon his mind. He grew depressed and melancholy. At last he took a desperate resolve and hanged himself.

Instead of being operated upon yesterday he was buried.

"My Legs Are My Fortune."

In a case being tried in Paris, concerning a ballet dancer's right to insist upon showing her legs under the traditional short skirt, the story was told of the famous dancer, La Guimard, who at sixty-five reappeared on the stage. The curtain rose, but stopped when it reached the level of her waist. Then she danced with all her old mastery. Her legs were as young as ever, but she was not going to show how her face had changed. A dancer's legs are her fortune, counsel contended; if they are not seen she is undone.

with strange purity by her clinging black dress against the brilliant moonlit sky; her face looked very white, her lips very red, and her eyes were like twin stars.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the voice of that same nightingale that had sung beneath Arthur's window the night of his return home. He was singing a long distance away now, but his wild, passionate notes throbbed through the silent night, throbbed with the lovers' hearts, throbbed with the hot blood beating through their veins.

And Merrick's irresolution vanished, fled on swift wings before the bird's mad song. Such small things shape a man's destiny, such little things make or mar a woman's happiness.

He advanced a step, so suddenly and swiftly that before Dolores realised his intention she found herself crushed in his arms. For just an instant she struggled, but in vain. He strength fled, he heaved dropped back, and she lay in his arms looking up at him through a mist of tears. He bent down over her—closer—closer—holding her trembling, panting body to his until their two hearts beat as one, each knocking at the door of the other, begging for admittance, and each crying out to the other—

"Come in! Come in!" Then slowly their lips met in a long, strange kiss. A lovers' pure, passionate kiss, sweeter than all other sweet things that love has to offer. For it is in the first long-drawn kiss a woman gives a man that she gives herself to him and he to her: it is a spiritual pledge of an earthly gift, wonderful beyond comprehension, beautiful beyond expression—almost sacred.

Then slowly he ceased his song, the moon dipped behind the elm-trees, darkness enveloped the lovers in her kindly cloak. Darkness and silence, and the soft, sweet scents of the night

(Continued on page 11.)

WHY NOT HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SKIN AS NATURE INTENDED?

We ask this question in all seriousness, because you can have healthy and beautiful skin, and nothing is more unpleasant or annoying than Skin Trouble, and if on the hands or face, more disfiguring. The irritation, too, is frequently so great that the person who has the skin trouble is exceedingly uncomfortable, and, in some cases, cannot even rest properly. The first question is, therefore, "What is Skin Trouble?"

If the health of the outer or scarf skin is affected in any way some form of skin trouble results. If, for instance, too much oil is secreted by the oil glands of the skin, it accumulates on the surface and in the glands, and produces a muddy complexion or face spots.

If, on the other hand, the supply of oil is scanty, the skin is rendered cracked and irritable, and looks red, rough, cracked, or neglected, and eczema frequently follows. If there is undue pressure on the scarf skin at any particular spot, it becomes thickened, and a corn or bunion forms. Then, again, the scarf skin may be unhealthy, and give rise to chronic eczema or psoriasis, or the blood may be impure and cause sores, for, as Shakespeare says: "Dis-eased nature often shows itself, even to the orthon in strange eruptions." Other skin troubles are due to microbes or microscopic fungi eating into the surface, or the perspiration may be acid and contain excess of impurities, and so cause irritation or inflammation as in rheumatic or gouty eczema, nettle rash, and shingles. The scarf skin may even be temporarily destroyed by a burn, scald, or acute eczema, but whatever the cause of discomfort or disfigurement, the one question asked by the sufferer is, "How can I get relief, and make my skin clear, pure, and healthy?"

The answer is very simple. Some twenty years ago a well-known doctor discovered "Antexema," a cooling, healing liquid, which is pleasant to use and when applied is scarcely seen on the skin. Its effects are magical and the cures so remarkable as to surprise everyone. Immediately it is applied skin irritation ceases, and you are on the road to a complete cure.

We have in our offices thousands of letters which are open to your inspection, and which have been received from all classes, describing the way they have been cured of every type of skin complaint. A gentleman at Newcastle writes:—"The first application of 'Antexema' took away the irritation, and my skin is now quite clear." In looking through the letters one comes across such expressions as "'Antexema' has done for me in ten days what the skin hospitals could not do in several months." Some are quite well from eczema now, after being troubled for five years and attending many doctors. "My face and neck were completely covered with red, sore spots. 'Antexema' cured me in less than a week." "One of my children had a bad place on her chin, and 'Antexema' cured it."

The way in which "Antexema" cures is easily explained. It forms an invisible coating over the bad place, and so makes a sort of temporary skin, under which a new and healthy cuticle grows gradually.

For every purpose for which cold cream or some similar preparation is used, "Antexema" will be found far more satisfactory. Roughness, chafing, irritability of the skin, and face spots are immediately removed by its use. Many emollients such as we have referred to are used merely to cool and soothe, but are not cures. "Antexema" is superior even as regards soothing and cooling properties, but in addition it heals and cures, and cannot injure even a baby's delicate skin. "Antexema" is specially valuable during the summer, when so many people suffer from insect bites, or their skin smartens from the acidity of their perspiration.

"Antexema" cures every form of skin trouble from the simplest ailment to the most severe, and is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d.

Is 3d. Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of "Antexema" should send for free sample, naming *Daily Mirror*, and enclosing three penny stamps for postage and packing, also our most valuable and useful family handbook on "Skin Troubles," and 200 testimonials from persons cured. Write "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

Poor Baby!

Is 3d. Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of "Antexema" should send for free sample, naming *Daily Mirror*, and enclosing three penny stamps for postage and packing, also our most valuable and useful family handbook on "Skin Troubles," and 200 testimonials from persons cured. Write "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of God. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

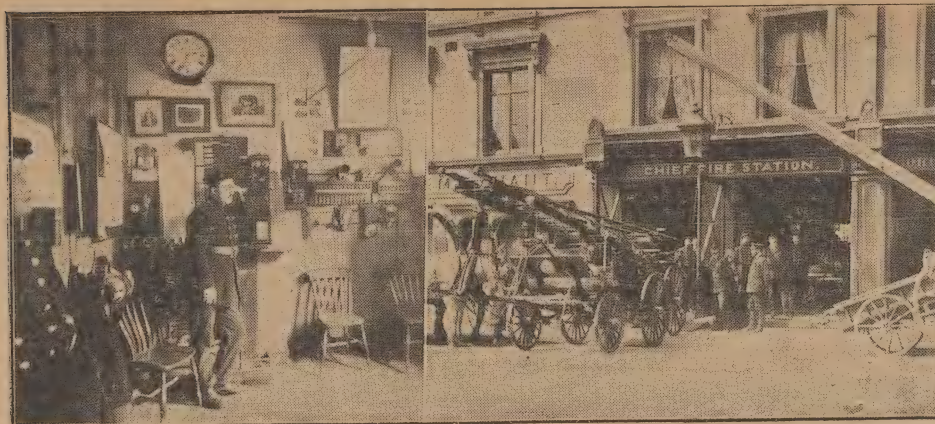
CHAPTER XXIII.

"You belong to me, your love belongs to me," Merrick repeated, still holding Dolores tightly in his arms, though her outstretched hands were placed firmly against his shoulders, keeping him at a distance off. "Tell me what you felt—tell me what you mean by saying 'Not yet?'"

"I have no right," she repeated, struggling with him, struggling to free herself. "What you say about my husband is true, but still he is my husband. I mustn't forget that: I am bound to him by chains stronger than steel, chains that the law forged and that only death can sever."

"Death has not severed them," Merrick cried. "And since death refuses to release you from a vile union that you were tricked and lured into making, we must break those chains ourselves. It is the only way, Dolores; it is the only way, dear."

IS CROYDON'S FIRE BRIGADE LARGE ENOUGH?



Alarm exists in Croydon, based on the belief that there are not enough engines and men to cope with the many fires. The personnel is excellent, but too small, it is said. Photographs of the alarm system and of the main fire station.

THE BROTHERS STRATTON TO BE HANGED TO-DAY FOR THE DEPTFORD MURDERS.



Alfred Stratton, who spoiled a promising career and killed Mr. and Mrs. Farrow for a few pounds.



Medals won by Alfred Stratton in the Deptford Football League, of which he was once an honoured member.



Albert Stratton, formerly in the Navy. Taken at Devonport. Made a confession in Wandsworth Prison.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

filled the air they breathed; the roses nodded their blushing heads, the wind ceased whispering to the leaves.

The moment passed—was it a moment, was it an hour? Those moments that come but once in a lifetime are like sparks struck from the rock of eternity.

When the moon peeped out and the nightingale's mistress piped a bold answer to her mate's mad song, the lovers were still locked in one another's arms, and on their lips now a smile of ineffable happiness and content.

"You will never speak of our love being wrong again," Merrick whispered. "You know now that it cannot be wrong: you give it freely, and it is yours to give because it has never belonged to another."

She nodded and rested her head on his shoulder. "Perhaps you are right. It is mine to give, and I give it to you, my beloved. It has never belonged to another. I have never belonged to another. I give myself to you absolutely, Arthur: take me—I am yours."

"And I—if ever I thought I loved before, I was wrong. But I knew that the moment I saw you. Nothing and no one stands between us now, Dolores?"

Her lips moved, as if to answer, but no answer came.

"You are still thinking of him," Merrick cried, "of him? How can he come between us—he is far, far away; he deserted you years ago, he has forgotten you. He can't stand between us—not even his memory. I will obliterate that. He is little more than a dead man—whilst he lives—if you wish it, our love shall be as true and as pure as it is now! We must go away together—that is inevitable—but we will go as friends; we will live away from the world that knows us, the world that would laugh, unbelieving, if we told it our secret. We will live just as friends—no, as lovers waiting for their wedding-day. And until that day comes, until death gives me the right to call you and make you mine in the eyes of men, as now I know you're mine in the eyes of God, no harm or whisper or evil shall come near you!"

She gazed at him in wonder, and love, that grew deeper every instant.

"Arthur—you are like no other man in the world," she whispered. "Why did I ever doubt, why did I ever fear?"

"You will never doubt or fear again!"

"Never!"

Again their lips met, and love leapt across that sweet bridge of desire.

Then suddenly out of the silence a strange, horrible, rasping laugh echoed, silencing the bird's song, smashing the peace and calm of the night like a broken pitcher clattering on rough stones.

Dolores started back, pale and trembling.

"What was that?" she cried.

Merrick kept one arm fastened tightly round her, the other he held free—and ready.

He faced where the ugly sounds rose, a thick-set hedge dividing the garden from the orchard, beyond which lay the paddock, the road and beyond the rolling downs now wrapped in darkness. Nothing was visible save the hedge and the orchard trees, heavy with young fruit; holding up his finger to enjoin silence, Merrick stood motionless, listening, trying to pierce the semi-darkness and the thick hedge.

But all was silent again; nothing stirred.

"Could it be—one of the servants—a boy from the stables?" Dolores whispered.

Merrick shook his head.

"It was someone, wasn't it?" he said doubtfully, "it was a human being—an owl or corn-

crake didn't startle the silence and our imagination?"

"No—I am certain it was a human voice," she replied nervously.

"Why, you're frightened, you're trembling," Merrick smiled. "If there is anyone fooling us," he said between his teeth. "You won't mind standing here for a minute whilst I just examine that hedge?"

"No—"

He left her side and ran down the sloping bank. At the bottom was a small ditch, dry in summer, in winter filled with water.

Now briars and wild roses and clambering flowers ran riot from hedge to ditch.

Merrick jumped across on to the bank and tramped up and down, where he could obtain a foothold, peering down into the orchard.

"There's no one here, nothing visible," he called out to Dolores. "It must have been an old owl—and our imagination."

Dolores said nothing; she was frightened, but she did not want to own it, or to let Arthur Merrick know. She felt ashamed of her nervous fear—for, she asked herself, what had she to fear?

She was not at Frampton Croft now.

Merrick jumped into the garden again, across the ditch.

"I've made myself in a beastly mess," he laughed, "and torn my coat into ribbons, I think—"

As he spoke the strange, mocking laughter again jarred on the silence; it seemed to proceed from the ground now, right at Merrick's feet.

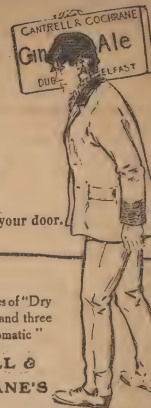
He started, turned swiftly round, and bending down stared steadily into the ditch. There, beneath the tangle of wild undergrowth, lay crouched a human figure. The figure of a man. His eyes were the first thing Merrick saw; they gleamed

(Continued on page 13.)

A Sample Case for

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delivered free to your door.



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CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S

Ginger Ale

for 2/-. Case free and Carriage paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

Your own judgment is of more consequence than any statement of ours, but—just try it, and you will quickly endorse all we say about it.

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A thirst quencher—not merely a "fizz." Send Order and P.O. for 2/- to London Agents, Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co.

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and other Mineral Waters can be obtained from Harrod's, Whiteley's, all Stores, Wine Merchants, Grocers, &c., and all good Hotels and Clubs, if asked for, or from FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD and CO., London Agents.

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TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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WONDERFUL OFFER

Send me Postal Order for 6d. and a penny stamp for postage, and receive by return this beautiful Bohemian Bracelet (Garnet, Turquoise, Amethyst, or Emerald) which will delight you. I am practically giving these away to introduce my new Illustrated Catalogue of Gold, Silver and other Jewellery. Don't wait until this offer is withdrawn, but write immediately.—R. H. HARRIS, The Wire King, WINTER GARDENS, BLACKPOOL.

A FINE OLD MALT GIN.

OLMA

DELICATE & DELICIOUS.

Is This "WHAT PAMELA WANTED."

Try It and See. S. & P. 321.

SUMMER'S APPROACH.

Tub Dresses To Be the Fashionable Wear.

What a long, long vista of sunny summer days lies before us! Already during the noon-tide hours the weather is often quite hot enough to encourage us to wear our most fairy-like frocks, though in the early morning and at dewy eve the thermometer stands low. Every day that passes, however, strengthens the sun's power, and our allegiance to him will be found deficient if we do not provide ourselves at once with the type of raiment he approves.

His vogue, and ours, is sweet simplicity this summer. We are to hark back to the charming little washing frocks of sixty years ago, most of them snow-white, and when not snow-white then pale rose-pink, lavender, azure blue, and a delicate foamy sea-green. What visions of pleasant water-ways these sylvan-looking toilettes conjure up before the mind's eye! What hours of gentle dalliance in green-embowered bays, far from the madding crowd, among the forget-me-nots and flowering reeds that fringe the stream, with "him" in front of us, all white like ourselves, and the world around, just waiting for us to conquer it and make ourselves its king and queen! Are not these sweet daydreams the chiefest joys of June, July, and August to those who are lucky enough to love and to be loved? Assuredly the answer is, Yes.

But there are more practical aspects of the tub-dress to be considered. It will quite take the place of the flannel and serge gowns of yester year, except for chilly days, at such river regattas as Henley, and on Sundays upon house-boats and in all river-craft, including the now so prevalent motor-boat. Then, too, in the form of a smartly-embroidered shirt it will play its part as the companion of a cloth skirt, and will play it well, too, for no shirt will be smarter than it is and will be. For Ranelagh and Hurlingham white muslin will be de rigueur, and for country garden-parties equally so; indeed, there is no well-dressed occasion, be it wedding, croquet, reception, visiting, cricket match, or Park promenade, that it will not grace.

Lingerie Frocks and Shirts for the River, the Lawn, and London.

Nor are the debutantes of the season to revel in cambric and linen all by themselves, as was their selfish practice sixty years ago. Mothers of

in an age that has banished that disagreeable "shell" upon which every woman was in olden days supposed to be deposited about the age of seven-



Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that French blouses which are the exact fac-simile of those sketched above are now being sold at 28, New Bond-street, for 10s. 6d. and 14s. 6d. each.

girls just sweet seventeen are entitled to their white robes just as much as their daughters are, and look every bit as bewitching in them, too. We live

and-twenty, there to stay neglected for the remainder of her existence, and long may it remain lacking in our midst.

These preliminary remarks usher in some further and very practical observations concerning certain remarkable bargains in cambric and linen now being offered by the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond-street, London, W. Now be it spoken, the prices of these lovely frocks, petticoats, and what not, have been diminished this week, owing to the chilly spell of weather that has visited us, but since as likely as not we shall be suffocating with heat in a few hours' time, it is the purchaser who will reap the advantage of the determination made by this firm to set their delightfully pretty wares at prices absurdly low.

Item one, then, makes its curtsy before you. It is a white cambric dress (or it may be of any colour), comprising a blouse and skirt, both inset down the front with a broad plastron of broderie Anglaise met by groups of lingerie tucks on each side, and frothy little flounces. The corsage fastens at the back beneath the shoulders of pretty tucks, and there are deep cuffs on the sleeves, delightfully embellished. Hear what the price of this gown is and be amazed. It is forty-five shillings (45s.) only!

Items two and three are linen shirts, of the type that has been recommended to be worn with a cloth skirt on chilly days, and a plain linen one on hot ones. The linen is fairly coarse, but not too much so, because it is modish to choose the happy medium in texture this summer, and it is embellished with plenty of tucks and with beautiful embroidery of the same craie, or chalk-white, colouring, in a design of flowers, well-padded at the back, so that they looked raised like carved ivory. One type of blouse costs 10s. 6d. and the other 14s. 6d., the only difference between them amounting to this, that the collar and cuffs of the 14s. 6d. model are embroidered and the 10s. 6d. ones are left plain. Sketches of the two shirts this page reveals.

These dresses and shirts wash just like rags, nor is there anything about them that requires unpicking before the process and readjusting after it. They are sure and trusty friends for the summer months, ready to be put on at any moment, perfectly cut and finished, ultra-smart and fresh from Paris, so they are worth their cost, which is ridiculously moderate, over and over again.

To complete the list of bargains a few further words of recommendation are due to the loveliest white taffetas petticoat sold at the same address for £1 10s. 6d., or as in the other cases any colour may be substituted for white. The great merit of this dainty junon is that it is practically two petticoats in one, for the white taffetas frills that adorn it have detachable white muslin ones above them which can be withdrawn to be washed, leaving the silk ones there. They are headed by a running of narrow white satin ribbon, and so complete a junon fit for a bride, a ball-room, or a Court.

FREE TO THE DEAF



Miss A. ROBB.

"YOU HAVE COMPLETELY CURED MY DAUGHTER."

Holyrood House, Plane-street, Newington, Hull.

Dear Sir,—For the past two years my daughter Annie has been suffering from Deafness, accompanied with troublesome "buzzing" noises in the head. Having noticed a number of testimonials in the "Sunday Companion" from patients who had been completely cured of Deafness and head noises by the "Keith-Harvey System," I wrote you for fuller particulars. After carefully considering the matter I decided to place Annie under your treatment and send for the outfit. She did not at first appear to make much progress, but she persevered, and I am pleased to say that her hearing is now completely restored. You have full permission to mention her name as that of a patient who has derived great benefit from the use of your treatment.—Yours truly,

May 11th, 1905.

A. ROBB.

80 YEARS OF AGE—COMPLETELY CURED.

School House, Sompting, nr. Worthing.

Dear Sir,—After a severe cold in the head my mother had an intermittent dull noise in the ears, and gradually became deaf, until she could only hear the watch about an inch away from the right ear and when touching the left.

I noticed a reference to the "Keith-Harvey System" in "Home Chat," and after writing for fuller particulars sent for the Outfit. I am indeed thankful to say that, after using the remedies, my mother's hearing is completely restored, and I feel sure she will not require any further treatment.

Considering my mother will be 80 this year, the cure is simply marvellous, and I shall be most happy to answer any letters of inquiry from other patients.—Yours gratefully,

May 8th, 1905.

(Miss) EMILY R. JOHNSON.



Mrs. JOHNSON.

IF YOU

are a sufferer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once to Professor G. Keith-Harvey, 117, Holborn, London, E.C., for Pamphlet, fully describing an entirely new self-applied method, which he will send you gratis and post free on mentioning the "Daily Mirror."

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To every reader sending Postal Order for 9/6 we will send a pair of our famous "Foot Shape" Boots direct from our factory at maker's price. See description below. We strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of taking advantage of this astounding offer to-day.

The "Foot Shape" Boot.

Real Box Calf; guaranteed hand built and hand finished.

Genuine throughout.

Thousands of Testimonials.

DIRECT from Factory to you.

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Description—IMMACULATE STYLE. Guaranteed real Box Calf throughout, lining, splendid quality, hard-wearing soles, sewn, guaranteed solid leather insole. Also in Kid Leg, Horseskin Golosh. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 always in stock, and ready for delivery. Size 12, 1/- extra. Every size made in three different widths: 3 fitting (narrow); 4 fitting (medium); 5 fitting (wide). This means width across the joint and instep.

COUPON—Send this with Order.

Good for "Special" Offer only.

I enclose P.O. 9/6, please send a pair of "Foot Shape" Boots as advertised in The Daily Mirror.

Name..... Fitting.....

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OUR GUARANTEE: We guarantee to return every penny of your money should you not be fully satisfied, you therefore run no risk.

Send for our FREE Boot Catalogue.

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SEEGER'S Dyes the hair a beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely coating it through.
Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.
TRIAL BOTTLE 7d. Mailed free from observation.
HAIR DYE 2/- the Case.
HINDS (WATERS), Ltd., 2, Tabernacle-street, London, E.C.

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS
Add Grace to the Step.

THREE GIRLS IN A FLAT AND HOW THEY FARED—ELEGANT BRIDGE JACKET.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

VICISSITUDES AND A HAPPY SETTLEMENT.

As was narrated in the last article of this gossip, our furniture was bought and only waiting to be delivered, so we next sat down to plan out our future life. I have explained before that we were all working girls—two of us were, and still are, employed in newspaper work, while the third follows a far more attractive and perhaps more womanlike, but withal hopelessly dull calling. She works in an embroidery and needlework shop started by her mother in one of the most fashionable streets in the West End.

The question which now agitated our minds was the one which affects most housekeepers—the servant question. In the first proud flush of being householders we thought we would have a superior general servant, who would come in the morning early, stay all day, and depart after having cooked our dinner.

The Difficulty of Finding a Domestic.

This decision arrived at, we advertised, we answered advertisements in innumerable papers, we went to local registry offices as well as big, well-known ones, we interviewed our porter, and finally all our tradesmen, but the treasure we desired was not to be discovered.

We had, therefore, to descend a little, and now sought for a girl. True, we interviewed many, but none of them could we induce ourselves to engage. There were so many restrictions regarding nights off, or they could not come on Sundays, or would not black boots and fetch coals out of the coal-bin; while on our side we raised strong objections to startling frocks, feathery hats, and much cheap jewellery.

But at last we found a girl, who lived only five minutes' distant from us, was charmingly neat and clean to look upon, and possessed print dresses—a great recommendation in our eyes. We engaged her at 7s. a week and her food, and started our housekeeping merrily enough.

But, alas, appearances are fearfully deceitful. That girl turned out the very antithesis of what we hoped and expected.

Afraid of Water.

Never have we since lived through two such awful weeks of dirt and disorder. She seemed positively afraid of water, even for washing the vegetables. When sweeping she merely brushed the dust under the chairs and into corners; in her hands tablecloths and towels assumed the appearance of bicycle-rags. She could not cook, she could not even boil water; in fact, she must have thought it worth its weight in gold, so seldom did she use a drop.

We bore it for a fortnight, and then we dismissed her, and returned to sit down among the wreckage and dirt of our once beautiful home. But fate came to our rescue. That Saturday we got home early and set to work to make things clean and tidy. Hardly had we begun when we heard a knock at the door, and our porter's wife came in accompanied by a very stout woman. She said she had heard we wanted someone to "do" for us, and had brought up a "lady friend" whom she thought would suit us.

Charing As a Hobby.

We were so in despair that we hailed the advent of this, obviously a very Irish domestic, gladly, and in ten minutes we had engaged her for three whole days every week and half-days the rest of the week, including Sundays. This was to cost eight shillings and her food the days she stayed all day. It was more than we had anticipated, being 2s. 8d. a week each for wages, but, still, we were obliged to have someone, and we engaged Mrs. Kelly.

Mrs. Kelly stayed then and there, and all went peacefully for seven months, until she began to have mysterious illnesses, necessitating such frequent appeals to our bottles of cooking sherry that we were obliged, in fear and trembling, to give her

notice. We feared a scene, but she took her dismissal most amicably, saying she had thought that girls only earning "bits of money" like as could not afford her wages, but her health would not allow her to work for less. However, she had a friend, a young married lady, who would like us "for a hobby."

We never heard the end of that speech. Our being a hobby to a young married lady was too much for us, and a simultaneous rush for the door lost it to us.

After Mrs. Kelly, and until just six months ago, everything went noiselessly on oiled wheels. We really found a treasure, who for 6s. a week did all our work—we have modified our aspirations since we set up housekeeping—and did it well, too, and made us very comfortable. But, alas, she has been very ill since then, and waiting to go into a hospital, and until she comes out again we have to do without her.

She sent a friend, whom we pay the same, and who is fairly satisfactory, thoroughly clean, and as honest as the day. She has, nevertheless, a



The tea-jacket and coffee-coat have changed their names, and now appear as bridge jackets. Illustrated above is a specimen model, which will equally well suit non-bridge players for summer evening wear. It is made of cream lace, with a collar and revers of striped blossom brocade, and is worn with a crepe de Chine skirt and folded vest. In muslin and lace it would also look charming.

number of queer little annoying ways which no amount of remonstrance nor requests will cause her to overcome. For instance, she will peel potatoes for dinner every other night, but not every night; she would always, too, set them ready to boil in a saucepan that leaked, until we took it out into the country one day and dropped it into a hedge.

Then she always collects all the candles and candle-sticks and leaves them in the kitchen. Matches, too, she always puts away, and when a room has been turned out it takes us the rest of the week to find and restore our belongings to their rightful places.

But Mrs. Johns is not really to be grumbled at, and she is the soul of willingness, and our every request is met with the cheerful answer, "Why, yes, certainly."

(To be concluded.)

ARE LOVERS SELFISH?

EXCLUSIVELY WRAPPED UP IN ONE ANOTHER.

Lovers need not necessarily be selfish, but they generally are. To a certain extent they are supposed to be wrapped up in themselves, and some licence ought to be allowed them. But if a girl is constantly with her fiancé and pays no consideration at all to her own people, especially if the family be a small one, it makes them feel very neglected during a long engagement. This should make engaged couples pause and think, for no one likes not to be missed when he or she is married and out of the way, and certainly sweethearts who are selfishly all in all to one another do not leave much of a gap at home when they are wedded.

During his engagement a man is, of course, admitted to great intimacy with the family of his betrothed, and is expected to be continually in and out of the house, but he should be careful not to

exceed his licence in this matter, and intrude when he is not wanted, or he will make enemies of his future relations-in-law, and consequently will sow dissension between his wife and her family.

He should remember, too, that the marriage which brings such joy to him often leaves great sorrow in the household from which he has chosen his bride. For though they generally hide their grief it is a very sad time for parents when their children leave home. Therefore a man should not deprive a mother of too much of her daughter's company before marriage. He will have her all to himself after the wedding, so that he can afford to be generous during his engagement.

Thus it is wise to caution engaged couples against selfishness. They will make many more friends and be more universally liked if they will only exercise a little consideration for others.

I'm not frightened—who is he, what does he want?"

Merrick shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know—I don't think he's up to any harm; at the worst a drunken tout who's hidden himself here in the hopes of watching the horse or getting at the lads. I'll—" he hesitated and looked back at the fellow as he stood swaying to and fro in the moonlight, his eyes fixed immovably on Dolores.

"I'll take you back to the house," he said. "I think the fellow's a harmless lunatic. Look here, you," he cried to the steadily figure. "Clear out from this at once. I'll give you five minutes; if you're not outside the paddock and well down the road by that time I'll break every bone in your body. And if ever you're seen within a hundred yards of this place again—well, it'll be the last time you're likely to be seen anywhere. You understand?"

The man nodded, but his lips remained closed now, his eyes still fixed on Dolores; he did not so much as look in Merrick's direction.

(To be continued.)

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

in the moonlight like the eyes of a wild beast disturbed in his lair.

"What the deuce are you doing there?" Merrick cried. "Who are you?"

The man raised himself slightly and moistened his lips.

"Don't know—who are you?"

The voice was weak, husky, broken; Merrick knelt down and seized the fellow by the collar of his coat and hauled him up on to the grass.

"Come out of that. Now, then, tell me your name, who are you, what you're doing here! Quick, or I'll make it pretty hot for you."

The man struggled to his feet, and as Merrick released his hold he stood swaying to and fro like one in a dream, hardly conscious of his surroundings, of what was happening. He did not speak; now and then his mouth moved as if impelled to laughter, then his jaws closed with a snap and his hands went up to his eyes.

"What's the matter?" he blurted out at last. "What's wrong?"

"What the deuce are you doing here? Answer me at once, or I'll give you the soundest thrashing you've ever had in your life—and hand you over to the police afterwards!"

Again the man's lips moved, foolishly; then before he could reply Dolores's voice came through the gloom.

"Arthur."

Both men started; both men turned simultaneously. Just for an instant Merrick had forgotten Dolores's presence; he started to go to her, the other man did the same; Merrick turned sharply, savagely.

"I remember," he muttered under his breath.

"I remember—now."

Dolores was trembling, as Merrick held her hands in his tight clutch.

"You're not frightened?" he smiled under his breath.

"No," but her reply did not ring true. "No—"

Allen Foster & Co.

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Skirt alone,

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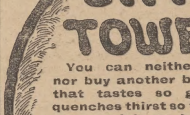
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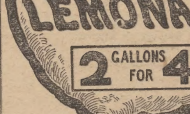
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BIG BICYCLE BARGAINS
Centara, Coventry Challenge, Rivers,
Premier, Progress, Swift, Singer, Rudge & Co.
ALL THE BEST COVENTRY MAKES

from
5/-
MONTHLY

ACCORD COVENTRY Cycle £4.50
FOUR YEARS GUARANTEE... On Approval
EASY PAYMENTS WITHOUT PUBLICITY
No Hire-Purchase Agreements. No Objectionable Formalities
Write for LISTS to E. O'BRIEN, 217, Upper St.,
The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY

DAILY BARGAINS.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the Daily Mirror Office no remittances should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A.A.A.A.A.—OVERCOATS. Suits, and Costumes to measure, also boots on monthly payments; latest styles: The West End Tailoring Co., 105, Chapside.

A.A.—HIGH-CLASS CLOTH. Tailoring—"Imperial"—Lounge Suits to measure, 34s. or 5s. monthly; selection of patterns "E" post free; please call—Wittam and Co., 231, Old-st., City-rd., E.C.

A.—9s. Parcel.—UNDERLINEN.—Eight, Ladies' chemises, knickers, petticoats: 3 beautiful nightdresses, 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 351, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

A BARGAIN.—Ladies offer elegant 7-strand extra wide and long choker Marabout Stole, rich dark brown, perfectly new; sacrifice 11s. 9d.; approval, superior quality, 5-strand, 13s. 6d.; approval—Gwendoline, 55, Handforth-rd., S.W.

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief. with illustrated lists; send stamp—British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

A LADY offers elegant seven-strand extra wide, long choker Marabout Stole; rich dark brown, perfectly new; sacrifice 11s. 9d.; approval, superior quality, 5-strand, 13s. 6d.; approval—Gwendoline, 55, Handforth-rd., S.W.

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A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief. with illustrated lists; send stamp—British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

SMART Day and Evening Gowns, Millinery, etc.; only slightly worn; great bargains.—Salmon, 11, Hanway-st., Tottenham Court-rd.

SUITS supplied on first payment; ready-made or made to order.—Jewell, 28, Regent-st.; deposit 5s.; 1s. weekly.—Grimsdale Hayes, 601, Commercial-rd., London, E.

2/- PER PAIR.—Genuine Police and Army Trousers; grand for work or evenings; carriage 6/-, W. Harrow and Co., 51, Bruce Castle-rd., Tottenham.

2/6 DOWN will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure.—Scott and Co., Smart Style Credit Tailors, 64, Chapside, and 269, Edgware-st.

Articles for Disposal.

A.—ART GALLERY BABY'S MAILCART. silver-plated fittings; owner will dispose high-class elegant design (West End Price 115s.), 34s. 6d.; approval before payment; photo; new—Lawrence, 20, Brookwood, Stoke Newington, London, N.

A BARGAIN.—Handsome set Sheffield Cutlery; 12 large knives, 12 small, meat carvers, steel; Crayford (very handles); unused; 11s. 9d.; approval—"Madam," Pools, 90, Fleet-st., London, E.

ALL MARRIAGES made A SUCCESS on easy terms by the use of our lucky 22ct. gold wedding rings and solid gold keepers for 35s. 6d. per pair; watches, clocks, jewelry and jewelry delivered on small deposit; balance monthly; illustrations post free; no objectionable inquiries.—Write Dept. 12, A. Thomas, 217, Upper-st., Ilington, London, N.

AMETHYST Necklaces; present fashion; beautiful colour; large cut stones; post free, in box complete, 1s.—Fenwick Limited, Jewellery Department, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

CHIP Potato and Cookshop Fittings; every variety; champion ranges, potato peelers; new 116-page list free.—Mabbott & Co., Poland-st., Manchester.

FURNITURE—SECOND-HAND.—Greater portion scarcely sold, now lying in our Depository for convenience of sale, from different residences. The whole will be cleared without reserve, previous to extensive alterations being commenced. 9 large bordered Brussels carpets, 3 yards by 4 yards, 21s. each, not sold; also quantity of Armchair, Brussels Turf, and other carpets, in all sizes, from 27s.; lofty walnut overmantels, 12s. 6d. and upwards; drawing-room suites from 23 10s.; sideboards in oak, walnut, and mahogany, from 35s. to 20 guineas. A magnificent collection of carved oak furniture, comprising elegantly-carved suite, design nearly new, large oak sideboard, elegant bookcase, large dining table, etc., will accept 26 guineas for room complete (suite) alone worth considerably more. Bed-room suites, enormous variety in Sheraton, walnut, mahogany, turned oak, white enamel, and others, ranging from guineas to 30 guineas; bedsteads in Italian, French, Persian, and others in black and brass and all-brass, from 25s. No reasonable offer will be refused. Any article sold separately. Chance of a lifetime for those on the look-out for high-class Furniture at ridiculously low prices. Goods packed free, and sent carriage paid to any part of England, or can remain warehoused free, 6 months.—Siegenberg's Furnishings Stores and Depositories, 272, Pentonville-rd., King's Cross (right facing King's Cross Station, Metropolitan Railway). Special note: our only address is at King's Cross. Most central position in London. On view 9 till 9, Thursday 9 till 5.

GOOD Second-hand Furniture bought and sold.—Paddington Stores, 53, Prad-rd.

LADY must sell two lovely Paris diamond Rings, gold-cased (stamped), 3s. two; lady's long Watch Chain, 2s. 6d.; approval—Andrews, The Gables, Ealing Green, London.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST.
Require no milk. Cooked in four minutes.

CREAMY PLASCO OATS.

Non-heating—Easily digested and assimilated—An Ideal Breakfast for SUMMER AND WINTER.
All Grocers, 6d. Packet.

STAMP COLLECTIONS.—115 different British and Colonial Stamps (including Probate, etc.), 4s. 6d.—Mrs. Wood, 151, Notting Hill-gate, London.

STAMPS.—Indian War stamps, complete set, 1s. 6d.; S. Indian Native States, 1s. 1d.; British India, 1s. 1d.; British India, 100 varieties, 1s. 7d.—Charles Smith, Upper Park-rd., Kingston, Surrey.

TYPEWRITERS.—Taylor's Typewriting Co., Ltd., 74, Chancery-lane, and at 92, Queen's, Chapside, London. Buy, sell, exchange, repair, and clean all makes of typewriters; documents typed; translations; telegrams, 4891 and 4892, and 4893, and 4894, and 4895, and 4896, and 4897, and 4898, and 4899, and 4900, and 4901, and 4902, and 4903, and 4904, and 4905, and 4906, and 4907, and 4908, and 4909, and 4910, and 4911, and 4912, and 4913, and 4914, and 4915, and 4916, and 4917, and 4918, and 4919, and 4920, and 4921, and 4922, and 4923, and 4924, and 4925, and 4926, and 4927, and 4928, and 4929, and 4930, and 4931, and 4932, and 4933, and 4934, and 4935, and 4936, and 4937, and 4938, and 4939, and 4940, and 4941, and 4942, and 4943, and 4944, and 4945, and 4946, and 4947, and 4948, and 4949, and 4950, and 4951, and 4952, and 4953, and 4954, and 4955, and 4956, and 4957, and 4958, and 4959, and 4960, and 4961, and 4962, and 4963, and 4964, and 4965, and 4966, and 4967, and 4968, and 4969, and 4970, and 4971, and 4972, and 4973, and 4974, and 4975, and 4976, and 4977, and 4978, and 4979, and 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